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The Pacific.

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ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN IN THE TRACK OF ST. PAUL—II.

BY REV. H. V. ROMINGER.

It needs but a glance at the map to see how Asia Minor is formed by nature to be the scene of contending forces, since here two continents approach each other. From its position, it could not but serve as the passage ground for the migration of nations which come from the East; and as a battle-ground, when the fierce tribes of Central Asia advanced to the conquest of Europe. Across these uplands marched and counter-marched the armies of Assyria, Babylon and Persia, the Greeks and the Crusaders. Hither came Darius the Great, on his way to the Bosphorus, on which he laid a bridge of boats, and passed over into Europe 700,000 men. His son Xerxes followed with an army, in which were the representatives of forty-six nations, and crossed the Hellespont with a million of men for the conquest of Greece.

Over this highway of kings and conquerors Alexander the Great marched in the opposite direction, carrying the war into Asia, more than 300 years before Christ was born; and here came the Roman legions, shaking the earth with their tread. Such are the mighty memories that hover over the country before us, every inlet and every headland containing a gem—yea, a whole string of pearls of thought. They make the epic of all time—the epic of classic and religious history. Here Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, labored and journeyed often, and here Christianity celebrated its earliest triumphs; here the great creeds of Christendom had their birth. So much of human belief, and history, and art, and poetry, and architecture were here concentrated into forms that will never die.

Asia Minor, about as large in extent as France, under the Roman dominion, was one of the fairest portions of the Eastern world, with great cities and flourishing provinces. Now the glory has departed, and wreck and ruin greet us everywhere. Like Egypt and Palestine, it is the place to study ruins and the tombs of buried nations and civilizations.

What this variegated and genial coast and land might become under a government that did not paralyze effort, rob industry, and plunder the people, it is impossible to say. Certainly, it needs a better government than that of the unspeakable Turk, before these fairest portions of Asia will again yield their harvests, and regain something of their lost wealth and civilization. It is the society of the Turk that is dead and extinct, and not nature.

Our vessel drops anchor in the harbor of Smyrna, and we had to scramble ashore with the usual excitement of swarming boats, clamorous boatmen, and lively waves. One passenger went into the water instead of the boat, but was easily fished out by his flowing robes, and, as he was a Greek pilgrim, it was thought a little water would not injure him. We climbed with difficulty from the bobbing boat upon the sea-wall, where there are neither docks nor landing—the shiftless Turkish government caring for none of these things. Our steamer remains here at Smyrna for two days. This is the largest city of Asia Minor at present, with 200,000 population; being equally divided between Greeks and Turks, with a mixture of all nationalities and races of the East.

This curious city has preserved an unbroken continuity of record and identity of name down from the first dawn of history to the present time, and in this respect it deserves to be compared with Damascus, having survived all vicissitudes and changes, the shocks of earthquakes, the constant visitation of pestilence, and the rule of a hundred masters. It was a city before the time of Homer, its citizens being mostly what are called Levantines, a mixed race sprung from Europeans, Jews, Greeks and Turks. They are citizens of no country, and have no impulse of patriotism. The second commercial city of the East, it produces nothing, but exchanges everything—the fabrics of Europe and the luxuries of the Orient.

Smyrna is also a Bible city, and has sacred associations, as the spot where Polycarp, the Christian hero, obtained the crown of martyrdom. It was one of the seven churches of Asia which received the gospel from the apostles themselves.

To Smyrna was sent a message from the angel of the churches in the Book of Revelation. Polycarp, who had lived in the time of the apostle John, and heard him preach, spent the greater part of his life in Smyrna, and at last fell a victim to the spirit of persecution abroad in the Roman Empire. When he was brought before the Roman proconsul in the theatre of Smyrna, crowded with spectators, the haughty Roman was moved at the sight of the venerable figure, and begged him to abjure Christ, that his life might be spared, to which, looking

up into heaven and around on the assembled multitude, he calmly replied, "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and he never did me wrong; how, then, can I revile my King and Saviour?"

On the hill overlooking the city and the bay, under a solitary cypress tree, is his grave, preserving the sacred name and memory of one of the earliest of Christian martyrs.

But we do not linger at Smyrna, for if we are looking for antiquities and historical associations, we have others. Not far from Smyrna once stood one of the greatest cities of the ancient world—a city long since dead and buried, but which is of surpassing interest, even in its sepulchre. A railroad, built by English capital, runs from Smyrna past this ancient city of the plain, and beyond it into and through a country of surpassing richness and development for Asia. Our steamer had reached Smyrna in the morning, and in two hours after our arrival we were in the train, rushing on towards Ephesus, fifty miles distant; a good engine, solid track, clean, elegant, comfortable carriages. It was a new sensation, this kind of travel, after the camels and donkeys of Egypt, and horses of Palestine. A railroad in Asia Minor to its ancient capital Ephesus, where, from the beginning of time, there had been no other mode of transportation than by horses, asses or camels! As we shot away at full speed in our luxurious and comfortable carriages over the level country which lies south of Smyrna, the air was full of the odor of orange blossoms, and we were surprised as well as delighted at the high state of cultivation of the fertile valley, smiling with grain fields, green meadows, groves of mulberry, oranges, figs and vines, shut in by Mt. Olympus, beyond which lay green Sardis, in the distance, a country as lovely and home-like as our own Willamette valley, and presenting a scene more thriving and luxuriant than anything we had seen since we left Egypt.

In an hour and a half, we arrive at Ayasoluk, the station for Ephesus. Eagerly we stretch our heads from the car windows, when there leaps into our eye a splendid mountain decorated by an immense Saracenic castle, while in front of us, stretching across the plain, are the tall stone pillars of a Roman aqueduct, on the top of which storks have built their nests. These long-legged creatures, standing there on their lofty perch, not at all alarmed or awed by this inroad of Western barbarians, nor disturbed by the noise of the engine or the rattling of cars, seemed as if they might be the embodied spirits of the seven sleepers of Ephesus, looking down with high disdain on all the rush and roar of our modern life. But the castle and the aqueduct do not arrest our attention now.

We pass on and beyond, across the plain, and in ten minutes are standing among the broken columns and scattered fragments of the great temple of Diana, one of the seven ancient wonders of men, reading with new interest those chapters of the acts of the apostles which make Ephesus in its habiliments of decay leap out of history as one of the most interesting ruins of the world. Looking down the departed centuries, and into the excavated pits where the skeleton of the great temple lies in its mutilated shroud of dust, what a crowd of bewildering thoughts arise! A day in Ephesus! Ah, if we could but revert to the elder day of this prime city of Grecian art, Roman power and apostolic eloquence! What a day it would be, if it could have been passed two thousand years ago at Ephesus!

In gymnasium, odeon, theatre, shop, palace, court and temple, what a throng of living wonders! How many people thronged this busy plain, where all is now wreck and ruin and solitude, with only a few silent-stepping camels and solitary horsemen tramping under the fiery sun, through tangled grasses and prickly weeds, over broken columns and pulverized remains, down to a now waterless bay, with an extinct custom-house and an exchange where no voice is heard save that of a solitary sweet-throated bird!

It is a great privilege to travel here, and in our long journey follow the "acts of the apostles" in their movements along these highways and shores. There are classic memories and thoughts of heroes, but none can equal those of that solitary apostle of the Gentiles, whose life and writings shed more glory on Ephesus than the temple of Diana, or all the other vanished and buried temples and palaces. Other heroes and conquerors passed this way, but none of them stand out in history as illustrations as the tent-maker of Tarsus. He had forsaken all, and nothing remained to him but to serve God and man faithfully, and then die and go to heaven. His poverty, his half-wild life, his perfect concentration on religion, were natural agencies that helped lift his soul up toward God. His heroism was not that only of a soldier, who dares the chances of a battle, but

that of a prophet, who despises the applause of the fashionable world.

If you ask the wide world in all its high civilization, from old Babylon to Ephesus and around to London and Paris and New York, wherein lies the success of man, the broad flashing world will tell you; by actions if not by words, that riches, and feasting, and power, and palaces, and titles, the hilarity of wine and the romance of song, make up the significance of human life. In such a many-colored light, the Alexanders and Caesars and the so-called society, have always moved along in their dance of life and death.

To oppose this dazzling scene and live such a life as Paul, is a sort of heroism that reminds us of a shore beyond earth, and a race above man. When we look at this life of Paul, spending his power here two years among the palaces and temples of Ephesus, passing by their magnificence and splendor, giving up all else to the power of a higher life, forever parting with home and riches, and honor and daily pleasures, it would seem that that is a dead heart which can look upon this Bible picture without tears.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR FRIENDS: It is Sabbath morning. But there is no sound of the church-going bell. The bell of the great heathen temple at Nikko is sounded every hour by the priests. They at least tell people the time. I hope they do much more. I have not come to tear down with rude stranger-hand anything good in this most interesting country. But I long with increasing yearning to have the heaven of that gospel which is profitable for both worlds working everywhere here. We are at the very Mecca of Buddhism and Shintoism. I am not learned about them. But in a paradise of beauty and fruitfulness, by shrines which have cost millions upon millions, where four pillars no larger than would be required to hold up a five-thousand-dollar chapel at home cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, why should the very richest man in the region be worth only ten thousand yen (about seven thousand dollars), and the most enterprising landlord have saved only three thousand yen in a business life of forty years? The horses seem to love their owners. I have not seen a cruel blow struck. Why should they be scared and sore and stand wearily in the cool brooks at close of day? Why should men run with great loads barefoot over rough roads; and women toil barefoot under enormous burdens of grain, when straw sandals can be bought for a penny a pair? Why should it be thought an act of the highest devotion for a maiden to sell her honor for years to earn bread for her father, without bringing any stain on her children or her home when she afterward marries? I see merry, laughing children in the streets, but no smiling, happy faces in the temples among either priests or people. Missionary arguments are all around me. I do not know which to present. From all the pictures crowding my eyes, and facts flitting into my brain, I have the idea that there will be something to say in the missionary concert if we shall be so happy as to get home and enjoy one again. Sampan, jinrikishas, tiffins, griffins—the nomenclature of Japan you are all familiar with. Our eyes are getting used to the swarming crowds, the motley colors, the jargon of talk even, and the undercurrent of feeling flows all the stronger that only the gospel of the Carpenter's Son can lift this people up into prosperous and victorious life. Our young people speak out of full hearts: "It is Christianity that makes the difference. I am so glad I was born in America." It has been a great pleasure to see the missionaries in their happy homes. They are none too good homes for devoted workers. A missionary ought to learn to sit on a cushion and sleep on the comfort beds on the floor, when visiting. A warm, unaffected, heartiness makes a man limber. But we are not sent to Americanize Japan, only to Christianize it.

Let the English language be taught where it is asked for, and the scholars fitted to mow a double swath in life; but, as it seems to me, the need of Japan is wise evangelists to preach, and a vast increase of pastors to shepherd and feed the flocks. I am invited to visit Dr. D. C. Greene at Tokio, who has been away. At Kobe and Kioto I hope to grasp dear Congregational hands, but so far my fellowship has been with other denominations. It has been delightful to attend the union prayer-meeting in Yokohama, and to preach to Dr. Meacham's congregation, composed of thirteen denominations; also, to visit the Methodist schools at Tokio. I have nothing to criticize, but everything to delight in. Rev. M. S. Vail, of the theological school at Tokio, gave us all his holiday—the Emperor's birthday—November 3d.

Some day I hope to describe to Pacific Coast friends the realities of idol-worship as we saw it that day. To-night, after a day of reading, writing, and resting, I am to have the privilege of preaching. A great privilege it was, indeed, to preach the first English sermon at the very heart of Japan heathendom. My interpreter was converted at the university at San Jose. He is one of three Christians in a community of five thousand. As the little company squatted on the floor about the open fire in the center of the room, only one verse seemed appropriate with John iii: 16—and that was the Saviour's invitation to the weary and the heavy-laden to "Come." On the way down the hill I had amused the four chair-carriers by taking one-fourth of the burden, or the bamboo pole, on my shoulder. I could show my good-will for the time, but Jesus carries our burdens all the time. The strongest face in the company—that of an infidel—for there are infidels here—lighted up. It was in his house I was speaking. I have a man to pray for in Japan, and I think a woman, too. For the eyes of three good women with me fell on a comely little maid who won all our hearts by her little kindness. We are considering sending her to a Christian school, and she is studying the question of going.

I think there will be one more Bible-reading among the Japanese workers. What new interest any town has if you care for a man's soul and the future of an ingenuous maid! Japan work is no longer general. It has its specialties. At the Chicago fair I hope to show you some fruit of this visit to Nikko. Remember, I do not promise, but I hope. It is not possible, dear friends, to send a weekly letter unless I let news grow woefully stale, but I watch the steamers and try to get off a line by every one. My heart is full of the Los Angeles battle, and faith is strong for Dr. McLean's victory for the kingdom. So many pray, and the thing to be done is so devoutly to be wished for, that there seems no loop-hole for failure. But as heaven will! To-morrow we look for the City of Peking from San Francisco. We enter into the missionary longing for "good news from home." God grant it. Faithfully, EDWIN S. WILLIAMS.

THINGS AND THOUGHTS IN IOWA.

BY REV. DR. GEO. F. MAGOUN.

The result of our state election was mixed, very mixed. The Democrats carried the State officers, though they wanted the Legislature too, and needed it for the saloon much more. The Republicans and temperance men have a majority in the Legislature a little larger than for several years, though still small. You will find politicians and editors saying that it turned on prohibition only, and Iowa went for license. It is as broad as it is long. If prohibition was the only issue on State officers—which it was not by a long way—then it was the only issue on the Legislature. In the one case it lost; in the other it won. Mixed, you see there were, in fact, several issues—three prominent ones, of which the "People's party" and the railroad men embodied two. But the only decisive vote on state officers was for railroad commissioner, there being but two candidates—Campbell, republican for the railroad law; Dey, former commissioner, Democrat, against the law and for the railroad companies.

We have 25,000 railroad employees in Iowa. Local railroad officers sent out directions to their men to vote for Dey, by telegraph, Sunday before election. A traveling railroad committee had been organizing railroad clubs for sixty days and had 10,000 men pledged. Dey has a plurality of 10,373 votes (nearly twice as large as Gov. Boies'), which would have been given to Campbell, a Prohibitionist, but for his refusing to pledge himself against the railroad law beforehand, which Dey did. Gov. Boies also got most of these railroad votes, giving him a plurality of 7,816, with a popular majority against him, as it was, of 5,064. This would have been 10,000 or 15,000 against him had there been no railroad interference. Every anti-prohibitionist save Dey had a large popular majority against him. We have lost some of our 30,000 majority for Constitutional Prohibition by various causes since 1882, by emigration to the Dakotas especially; and what we have can only be brought out at a non-partisan election, like that which carried the amendment in 1882. The great mass of the "People's Party," being farmers, are Prohibitionists. They cast against prohibition about 12,000 votes; the "Third Party" (Prohibitionists) less than a thousand. If the two together had voted for Republican officers, pledged to the prohibitory law, they would have elected the Republican ticket, though, as they did vote for such Republicans as State Senators and Representatives, the Legislature would stand, as now (Republicans and Prohibitionists), for the law. Doubtless, it will modify our railroad legislation this winter, and prevent the

companies hereafter upsetting the dominant party in elections.

Among the mischievous things uttered by our re-elected Governor was this—that prohibition denies to men a right bestowed by "a higher power," that of God! As the law denies only the right to sell, which no man has inherently (according to your United States Judge Stephen G. Field, and all the writers on morals), everybody understood a divine right claimed for saloon-keepers. More recent utterances seem to mean a divine right to drink. He asserts, as saloon people all do, that prohibition assumes control of "personal habits"; i. e., drinking, which certainly is utterly untrue. Also, that the law wrongfully destroyed vested property in distilleries, breweries and vineyards, which recent English decisions and that of our United States Supreme Court deny. He demands that "every locality" should have option as to saloons, which would not only allow counties and cities to torment and demoralize their neighbors, but, if carried out logically, would give the same liberty to each ward in a city and each rural precinct. A singular local option that puts "every locality" that would be free from the curse under the heel of an adjoining one that wants intoxication freely provided for its own people and its neighbors! The worst thing, however, about his re-election is that so many men, in Iowa, who have the credit of being good citizens sustain a magistrate in nullifying laws he swears to maintain by pardoning law-breakers.

The New York Tribune says of Professor Briggs' defense: "The most significant part of it was his expression of deep regret and sorrow, if he had in any way disturbed the peace of the Church, or given pain and anxiety to his brethren in the ministry. Evidently, this was all that a large proportion of the Presbytery had been waiting for." Col. McCook, an elder of the Presbytery, very naturally said: "Instead of saying, 'I am sorry,' he should have said, 'I withdraw that, and I will not say again or teach again that which causes anxiety and concern.'" It is not at all likely that men of his school of thought will give such assurance to any denomination in which they may happen to be. They look upon it as giving up liberty of thought! Does not the Christian Union rejoice over the prospect that Andover professors will now be left to decide each for himself whether what is taught agrees with what he swears to teach; i. e., that each shall be his own "Board of Visitors," and dictate how the income of funds is to be used? The disclaimer that he "impairs in the slightest degree the cardinal doctrine that the Holy Scriptures are the only infallible rule," etc., made so solemnly by Professor Briggs, all Christians will be glad to learn of; but the Independent well adds, "for a theological teacher he has a peculiar faculty for rash and unguarded statements." Joseph Cook said, in his Boston lectures last February: "Some of his expressions are rash, unbalanced, and even exasperating. It will be ascertained in the end, as I anticipate, that he is not so great a heretic as he seems to be, and that his bark, as the proverb says, is worse than his bite." * * * His whole doctrine as to probation and sanctification appears to be fanciful, contrary to the Scriptures and the great standards, fitted to excite unrest in the minds of students and preachers, and, on the whole, deserving to be repudiated in the name of the best scholarship." Nothing more candid, just, and searching has been said on "Professor Briggs' self-contradictions" than was then said in the prelude to the 221st Boston lecture. GRINNELL, Nov. 19, 1891.

The work of the Young Men's Christian Association is progressing in all lines. One hundred and seventy-five young men have become members since the first of the month. The annual Thanksgiving dinner for young men away from home will take place at the building Thursday afternoon, November 26th, at 2:30 o'clock. The Car Men's Branch, corner of Fell and Baker streets, will open Thursday, December 3d. The opening lecture of the course before the Association for the season, was given at the building last Tuesday evening, by David Starr Jordan, President of the Stanford University. Subject: "The Law of Right." The attendance was very large.

Lord Wolesley tells of a curious relic in the possession of the American consul at Madeira. It is only a simple paper knife, but it would be difficult to find anything more interesting than it. On one side is written: "I broke this. D. D. Porter." On the reverse side is inscribed: "I mended it. W. T. Sherman." The owner met these two great Americans at Gibraltar, and remembers them with great pleasure.

The meetings held by Evangelist Hartsough, in Humboldt, Iowa, closed Nov. 9th, when seventy-four united with the church.

Woman's Board of the Pacific.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer, V. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, S. F.

The "Woman's Board of Missions" will hold its monthly meeting in Plymouth Congregational church, San Francisco (Post street, near Webster), on Wednesday, December 2d, at 2:30 P. M. The meeting of the Executive Committee will be at 1:30 P. M.

THE BETHANY SUNBEAMS.

WHAT WAS MADE OF TEN CENTS.

[Read at the annual meeting of the Woman's Board during the Children's Hour.]

At the first annual meeting Mrs. Pond gave each Sunbeam ten cents, and read us a story of children making a dollar when they only received a penny. Well, I made an apron and tried to get fifteen cents for it. It was "too short" for one, "too long" for another, so I kept it myself. I thought I would go without candy so as to have money for the Sunbeams. That was all right, and mamma said "likely save money for her in saving my teeth." I tried one other way to save. I walked all the way down town and back to save ten cents. So the Sunbeams got that; but mamma had to get liniment, which was fifty cents from her, because my leg was lame, so I could hardly walk. So I saved fifty cents. I hope it will do some good.

AGGIE URQUHART.

HISTORY OF A DIME.

I was only a dime, and a very lonely one, too, when I was first given to my young mistress. She looked at my shiny face, and then put me away in her drawer, where a great many other things were all gathered together having a pleasant chat; but as soon as I entered they stopped, and all looked curiously at me. I tried to make them understand who I was, but they couldn't seem to get it into their heads, and when I told them how lonely I was they only laughed and went away. Then I thought I was never to have another happy day in my life. But one day I was taken out of the drawer and carried upstairs, where I was dropped into "a missionary box," as I heard my mistress call it. There I found two other playmates who, as soon as we were left alone, told me their history.

"I," said the older, "was earned by our mistress hemming two dish-towels," and I," said the younger, "was earned by the same mistress wiping dishes." We had quite a chat for two or three days, and then were joined by two other dimes, and they told us they had been earned by their mistress hemming a towel and selling it, for which she received twenty cents. The next day we were taken out and carried to a store, where we purchased one yard and a half of cloth, and then were dropped into a drawer. Now the five-cent piece only remained in the box, but it was soon joined by two other five-cent pieces, who said they were placed there by a girl running on errands for her grandmother, and when she returned we were dropped into her hand. For about two weeks these nickels were left alone, but one day two more were dropped in, which made quite a number.

But still more made their appearance, and being very obliging, said they would tell their history. "I," said the first one, was earned by my mistress making little cakes and selling them, for which she received ten cents. The second had the same report. Number three said he had been earned by this same girl, but she had made one big cake. I sold it for thirty cents. After the nickels had chatted awhile, who should step in but Mr. Fifty Cents. He said he had been earned by his mistress making an apron, which she sold for fifty cents. A dime, who had come in with Mr. Fifty Cents, said he had been earned by his mistress' father giving it to her, if she would promise him to try and be a good girl, and live up to her verse that she took in the morning. The other four dimes had not finished their history when Mr. Fifty Cents stepped in, but now they went on. The oldest one said he would tell his own history, and all the other ones, too: "We were all earned by this same girl tying up seeds, and selling them, for which she received twenty cents. These little people stand alone without even one more nickel joining them till they were carried to the 'Sunbeam Social' last Friday evening, and sent on their way to help our dear missionaries in Japan. EDITH LADD.

RAMBLES IN THE ORIENT—IX.

ADEN.

Sleep was almost banished on the morning of the 5th of March, when we were nearing Aden, for after 8 bells had sounded I could no longer sleep; so that at half past five I arose and dressed myself, and as soon as I could I was on deck, when I observed that we were entering the harbor. On the right, on the summit of a barren hill, was the light-house, and as far as the eye could see, not a vestige of a green leaf was to be seen. On the left the mountains were not so rugged. Surely, this is a barren desert, and it is a wonder how the English ever came in possession of it. It is said that the Sultan Lahej held Aden in 1837, but that the Indian Government captured it in 1839.

On moving farther into the harbor, we noticed the French mail steamer. Oh, what a welcome sight to our eyes, for we had so often seen her lying at her buoy in Hongkong! It is only a steamer, and one upon which I have never been, but she is a familiar sight, and like an old friend, we greeted her in our hearts. How well we become attached to these earthly things, and when some familiar object is seen in a foreign land, it rouses all the old memories of the past. But just as we were nearing our buoy another sight greeted our vision, that of another French steamer swallowed up by the sea. Some years since, in backing out, she ran into another French steamer, and there occurred a collision, with the total loss of this one and her cargo of over \$1,000,000 worth of coffee. Her three masts, and a part of the deck, still stick out of the water, and are a constant reminder of the fury of the sea. Here she has found her grave, and her sister steamers come and go, but never tarry long, for Aden is only a coaling station, and vessels stop here only a short time. As soon as we are made fast we are surrounded by the diving boys. I am beginning to think that it is not so hard to dive for a piece of money in salt water, since it sinks exceedingly slow, and the person diving for it can always secure it before it is far from the surface.

A number of dealers in photographs came on board, and we are allowed to select at the rate of ten cents apiece, for which at home we should be obliged to pay double that price, for the photographs were at least 13x11 inches. A number of Arabs were also selling ostrich feathers, ostrich eggs, and the horns of antelopes. Many passengers bought some of the ostrich feathers; especially the ladies were captivated by the white ostrich feathers, and I must say if it had not been for the customs duties, and the labor of carrying them home, and a proper person to whom they could be presented, that I might have invested in several for a five-dollar gold piece; but I am afraid that the receiver might have become quite vain to be presented with ostrich feathers direct from Arabia. Some of the boatswains received some of the smaller ones for allowing the vendors to come on shipboard. It is rather a stern way to treat those who want to make a few shillings, but one must become used to everything on shipboard.

Some of the Soumales are closely shaven, others have curly heads, and a few brown hair. Scrofula seems prevalent among the boatmen, and some of them have anointed their heads with white ointment. As soon as we have eaten our breakfast four of us go ashore, for we are hungry for sights, even if it is nothing more than barren rocks, to which it seems we shall be treated with full measure. Our boatmen are Soumales, and so we commenced to ask them which was the best nation of the world, and this is the verdict as given by one of their number: "German, number one; French, number two; English, number three; America, don't know; and China no good." Now, we represented four nationalities—German, English, American and Chinese, and, hence, the remark of the man was the more amusing. But why this estimate of the different nations? German sailors, no doubt, treat these boatmen better than the French, and the French better than the English; and American sailors are not known here, or they would be inferior to the English.

Various were our expressions as we proceeded towards the shore and looked at nothing but rocks, rocks, rocks. Even our English friend exclaimed, "I don't see why England wanted to get this rocky fortress." Some of the soldiers' barracks and public buildings are visible from the harbor, and present a stately sight, but not a bit of living green is seen anywhere. On coming close to the wharf, we noticed the condensing engines, which condense the sea water into fresh water, and thus supply the natives and Europeans living here. Nearly all the water that is used here is condensed from the sea, for sometimes no rain falls for two or three years, but usually they have a little rain every winter. There are a few wells, but those which we saw near the water tanks are some 300 or 400 feet deep, and the water is raised by pulley and rope; a large bucket made of skin is fastened to both ends of the rope and then drawn up by four men. The water tanks are a series of tanks situated at the base of a high hill, built at first, many centuries ago, by the natives, and afterwards repaired by the English. We observed some eleven tanks with the following capacity: No. 1, 1,255,424 gallons; No. 2, 64,881 gallons; No. 3, 21,011 gallons; No. 4, 160,987 gallons; No. 5, 135,919 gallons; No. 6, 70,944 gallons; No. 7, 369,964 gallons; No. 8, 4,645,273 gallons; No. 9, 210,000 gallons; No. 10, 128,786 gallons; No. 11, 328,501 gallons.

These tanks contain 7,418,690 gallons of water, and are constructed in a ravine, and occupy positions one above the other. At the entrance of the tanks a beautiful garden is planted with trees and shrubs of various sorts, which form a strange contrast to the surrounding barrenness of the hills, and offers a sheltered retreat from the intense heat of the sun. A few yards from the entrance is an arch erected in honor of Queen Victoria's fifty years' reign, and containing the two dates of 1837 and 1887.

A well-built walk leads along the different tanks, and near the center is a beautiful arbor built with seats and planted with shrubs, forming a little oasis in the wilderness of rocks. Indeed, this arbor, with its cosy seats and verdant foliage, forms one of the pleasantest spots in Aden, which is situated on a peninsula ten miles long and three miles wide. We took a little time to sit down here to enjoy the cool shade and the soft breezes from the sea. A number of Arab women and children were sitting in the gardens; but just as soon as they saw us they drew their veils over their faces and crouched down in a corner as if they were afraid that we should see them, whereas, a few minutes before, they were unveiled, and seemed not to care that people saw them; but, I suppose, we came a little too near, and hence this hiding of beauty, if it can be called that, where nature has seemed to bestow so little. How they can endure to tie up their heads in this warm climate is inexplicable to me; but they, probably, do it only on state occasions or when going abroad; and at other times live like other people.

On the whole, the gardens near the water-tanks are quite pretty, and well repay the five- or six-mile drive to them; but whether the water-tanks are very useful is another question, for we only saw a few inches of water in any of them, and that seemed to be unfit to drink. The water is carried by men or donkeys in skins, as well as in tanks drawn by camels. I suppose these tanks would be useful if they contained a large quantity of water, but now they contain little or no water; and, though not far removed from the main town, still, it would be considerable to carry water to the settlements near the harbor. Hence, they are of little use, and serve more for ornament and a place where the feet of tourists tread. And here let me say that travellers are wont to inspect only the wonders of nature and those reared by man, whereas little attention is paid to the life among the natives. True, one is filled with wonder at some of these nature's wonders and the improvements made by man; but nature's children are far more interesting to me. I am more and more convinced that if one wished to see anything he must turn aside from the beaten path of the tourist and explore everything for himself, and not listen to the common opinion of men.

Hedged in by precipices on three sides, these water-tanks exhibit the genius and the ingenuity of men, whereas the flora here planted lends a soft and exquisite attraction to the place. Upon landing, we immediately procured a carriage and commenced our survey of the city, and one of the first sights visited was a Mohammedan mosque. A number of hotels are situated near the harbor, as well as a club house, while the British flagstaff is erected on a high hill from which various flags are suspended to signal steamers. Close to this flagstaff are the buildings belonging to the French line of steamers, from the top of which the company's flag floats. Near the harbor is, also, the courthouse and the English church, built of the black stones found on the peninsula. This church is provided with pews, though the seats are somewhat inferior. These pews or fans are used during the greater part of the year, as the weather is exceedingly warm. Near the church is a sailors' and soldiers' institute, and should exert a moral influence over the soldiers, but I fear that card-playing is not intended to increase one's morality.

C. R. HAGER.

All the children in school in Prussia numbering 4,000,000, on a certain day were examined, and the color of their eyes and hair carefully registered. It was found that 42.97 per cent had blue eyes, and 24.31 per cent brown; while no less than 72 per cent had blonde hair, 26 per cent brown, and only 1.21 per cent black hair. Only 6.53 per cent again, are of brunette complexion.

Longing desire prayeth always, though the tongue be silent. If thou art ever longing thou art ever praying. When starest prayer? When desire groweth cold.—St. Augustine.

A Song of the Thankful Time.

We think of Thanksgiving at seeding time—
In the swelling, unfolding, budding time,
When the heart of Nature and hearts of men
Rejoice in the Earth grown young again.
We dream of the harvest, of field and vine,
And granaries full, at Thanksgiving time.

We think of Thanksgiving in growing time—
In the time of flowers, and the vintage prime;
When the palms of the year's strong hands are filled
With fruitage, with grain, and with sweets distilled.
When the dream of hope is a truth sublimed,
Then our hearts make room for a thankful time.

We think of Thanksgiving in harvest time—
In the yielding, gathering, golden time;
When the sky is fringed with a hazy mist,
And the blushing maples by frost-tips kissed,
When the barns are full with the harvest cheer,
And the crowing, thankful day draws near.

We think of Thanksgiving at resting time—
The circle completed is but a chime.
In the song of life, in the lives of men,
We harvest the toil of our years, and then
We wait at the gate of the King's highway,
For the dawn of our soul's Thanksgiving Day.
—The Ladies' Home Journal.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer-Meeting Topic for Week Beginning Nov. 22, 1891.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject—Lessons from the story of Judas. (Matt. xxvi: 1-16.)

There are many deceptions. Among the various errors of every-day life, few are more prominent than a disposition to continue in evil with an expectation that some time all will end well. Perhaps every one is in more or less danger of valuing too highly his own opinion as to ultimate results. There is much vain wisdom and evil trusting which, with the subtleness of a serpent, ignores reason and usurps the power of our instinctive sense of right and wrong.

How far each individual will proceed in the way of evil depends on a variety of causes. Some are soon alarmed and turn back from their evil ways. Some are checked by kind friends, and, while they do not seek God with all their heart and all their strength, and all their mind, yet they are preserved from any strong and full manifestation of the evil which lurks within themselves. Others turn from evil by the outward circumstances which surround them—the law of environment and that of public opinion restrain them to a life outwardly correct.

I. The lessons from Judas. His sin was voluntary. He was in the midst of publicly announced enmities to his Master. Influences were at work to seduce the disciples from allegiance to their Teacher. He loathed the idea of treachery at first, but he voluntarily succumbed at last, and enters into willful negotiations with the bigoted priests.

His sin was heinous. So is all sin; but the crime of the assassin and the traitor is repulsive in the extreme. It is in our power to reduce dispositions to a minimum, and to counteract evil thoughts with thoughts that are noble and good. Men honor the servant who shields his master, or the master who protects his servant. People respect the student who respects his teacher, and the teacher who honors his pupil. The disloyal thought, if nurtured, may become a selfish purpose and end in a traitorous deed.

His sin was condemned. He condemned himself. The "pains of hell go hold" upon him. Nothing could extinguish the flames in his guilty conscience. Evil, like the avalanche, which grows in its onward progress, spreads and intensifies as it spreads. It ends in irretrievable ruin unless stayed by a fixed will that goes direct to God for pardon and help.

"The laggard soul that will not wake,
The guilt that seems to be forgiven—
These battle 'e'en the spells of heaven."
(II Sam. xiv: 14; II Peter iii: 9; Matt. xviii: 13; II Chron. vii: 14; Ezek. iii: 21; Lev. xviii: 5; John xv: 11; Luke x: 42; Gal. vi: 1.)

II. Lessons for Judas. It is in our power to turn away from evil. "My son, give me thine heart," is the voice of mercy and wisdom. It is God's voice of parental, unselfish love. Only the other day the writer was quoted by a young man writing East to his parents; he said, "Two years ago Rev. Mr. Williams might have helped me, but now it is too late." Despair lurks in those words, and with good reason, were there no Father in the skies ready to help. Heaven's help is often nearest where outward advantages are fewest. It is ever true that—

"No storm above our heads in wrath shall break,
And shut the heavenward path of love and prayer."

Turning, from evil we receive more power to resist evil. Human life, naturally, has more fears than hopes. But each victory will help us some other to win. Each fresh invoice of power will enable us to turn farther away from sin. We shall never forget a picture we once saw of Satan tempting Judas to betray our Master. The painter had portrayed the face of the tempter as a hideous caricature of the tempted. The painter had caught the negative lesson—by continuing in evil the soul develops the likeness of the tempter. The positive lesson lies in the decreasing likeness when we turn away, and the growth of likeness to Jesus if we run the race set before us, looking unto Him who is the Author and Finisher of our faith.

Sin is sure of condemnation. Be sure your sin will find you out. Hide and conceal as we may, some time, somewhere, unforgiveness will out. No one can hide from judgment. The temptations of to-day, yielded to, become to-morrow scourges and scorpions. The fool hath said in his heart "There is no God." Ah, the fallacy! The Lord our God is just; He is also waiting and ready to save. (Rev. ii: 29; Ps. i: 6; Ezek. xviii: 26, 27; John vi: 70, 71; Ephes. iii: 12; I Cor. iiii: 18, 19.)

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON FOR DEC. 6. JOHN XIX: 17-42.

"Delivered up for our Trespases."

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

(V. 17.) As God's offering of his Son to be the King, "his own received him not"; as Pilate's mocking surrender of a victim, "they received him." For the treatment which followed, Pilate meant to make them responsible in the eyes of the world; to take from their seeming triumph every element of complacency, and to fill it as full of humiliations and annoyances as possible. So, when giving Jesus up to them, he had flung out the taunt that they were crucifying their King; and so, with his own hand, "he wrote the title" to be put upon the cross—"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." (V. 19.) It was fitting that the true King of men, in this crisis of their history, should illustrate his sovereignty. That was the significance of his "going forth" (cf. xlii: 3, xlii: 8), "bearing forth himself the cross," which symbolized his sacrificial burden of human sin. So, attended by a crowd, in which was represented the whole human race, this King of men "went out" to the scene of his glorification. But the tortured physical frame was unequal to the strain; and so Simon, the Cyrenian, was impressed into the service, and, bearing the Master's cross after him, aided "to fill up that which remained behind of the sufferings of Christ." Passing out from the city gate, they reached the place appointed—"Kranion Tophan," called also "Golgotha," and "Calvary." But before that spot was reached even the strength needed for walking failed him, and they "bring him (Pherosin) unto the place." (V. 18.) There, amid such circumstances as never before nor since attended the coronation of a king, this Incarnate Word, the King of men, was "crucified up" (cf. xlii: 22) from the earth." On either side of him, also, one fifty representing that revolved race out of which his new kingdom was to be gathered. It was a significant association, though in a manner different from what his enemies intended. Very appropriate, too, was his attitude, his arms outstretched as if in welcome and the crucifixion overhead, written so that all, of whatever nationality, could understand its testimony. It was, as we suppose, during the almost unsupportable agonies of the first "lifting up" of the Son of man that those lips, closed to insult and injury, opened in a prayer worthy of the royal Son, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. Then, amid tears and knocking gestures, he again relapsed into commanding silence. (Vs. 19-22.) It was about this time, probably, that the Jewish leaders, alarmed at its implications, returned to the governor, and asked that the title should be changed. Not he. He had meant it for an insult; he was only galled and wounded by the insult, and he was a slight mitigation of his own mortification. So he dismissed them with the curt reply, "What I have written I have written." (23, 24.) Around the cross, meanwhile, all the phases of brutal sin were on exhibition. It seems almost incredible that even malice should not have been stirred up by the sight of the crucifixion of these heartless Jews, those gratuitous insults and abominable execrations, flung at the silent King, alike by passing travelers, by priests and scribes, and by citizens of Jerusalem. It is almost a relief to turn to those stolid guards, as they divide up the poor legacy of their victim's clothes, or to the lot for the seamless tunic, taken of his claim to priestly dignity, as well as kingship (cf. Rev. i: 13). The brightest feature of the whole sad record is its witness to the divine majesty of Jesus. That change in the world's attitude toward suffering, which our indignant horror at the scene suggests, is a fruit of his sacrifice. It shows us, too, as the evangelists seek to point out, how holy men of old were moved by the Holy Ghost to prophesy of Jesus; and how, all unconsciously, men afterwards were moved to fulfill those prophecies. "These things, therefore, the soldiers did." It could have been not far from noon when the silence of our Lord was broken again. Physical weakness and abuse had, alike, exhausted him. He was moved by the Holy Ghost to prophesy of Jesus; and how, all unconsciously, men afterwards were moved to fulfill those prophecies. "These things, therefore, the soldiers did." It could have been not far from noon when the silence of our Lord was broken again. Physical weakness and abuse had, alike, exhausted him. He was moved by the Holy Ghost to prophesy of Jesus; and how, all unconsciously, men afterwards were moved to fulfill those prophecies. "These things, therefore, the soldiers did." It could have been not far from noon when the silence of our Lord was broken again. 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Home Circle.

Her Boy Jim.

While Thanksgiving fires are burning
In many a happy home,
Some mother-heart is yearning
For those who never come.

A wandering son or brother
Is following sin's broad way;
Some loving, patient mother
Is pleading with God to-day.

While hearts are full of happiness,
And things that cheer within,
Some mother is praying the Lord to bless
And keep her boy from sin.

While the halo of Thanksgiving
Is lingering in the air,
From some mother's heart there is swelling
Songs that breathe of prayer.

The music of love and laughter
Reaches across the way,
To where, a moment after,
A mother kneels to pray.

On her face are traces of sorrow
And lines of weary care;
"Perhaps he will come to-morrow"
Is mingled with her prayer.

The days of his happy childhood
Loom up before her eyes,
When he was innocent, true and good,
When she hushed his baby cries.

Long years ago he left her
To face the world's keen blast;
No "good-bye" was there for mother;
He ran away at last.

But she'd kept the light in the window
All these weary years;
It was streaming now o'er the meadow
As she softly wiped the tears.

Her face is calm this evening,
As with Bible on her knee
She forgets the pain and grieving,
God's love wells up so free.

She seems to feel the glory
That trusting always brings,
As the Prodigal Son and his story
Into her memory rings.

She never hears old Rover
As he barks in the meadow lane,
For her face is lit all over
With a light not of her pain.

Yet listen! yes, 'tis something!
She hears a step without;
A familiar voice is muttering,
"Now, Rover, you get out."

And then the latch is lifted,
A bearded man comes in;
He looks so fine and gifted,
"Can that be her boy Jim?"

Strong arms are reached to hold her,
His kiss is on her cheek;
"Thank God you're living, mother!"
His repentance is true and deep.

"For I've come home to care for you
And love you as I ought;
"Forgive me, mother, can you,
"For the sorrow I have wrought?"

And the glory of the Master
Made glad Thanksgiving there;
And the dear old love and laughter
Came, after mother's prayer.

—Exchange.

TIME'S WAREHOUSE.

"What in the world can I get for my Christmas presents?" thought I, weighing my slender purse in my hand, and uselessly wishing that each penny it held were convertible into a bright gold coin, shining with delight at the joy it was to give. "What can I get that shall be cheap to buy, yet costly to offer, and rare and wonderful to possess? Ah me! Would that all that had ever been mine to give of old, all that I could have parted with for others' pleasure in bygone days, were but laid before me again, to choose my gifts from now!"

And giving my purse a contemptuous shake in scorn of its slowness, I flung myself on the bed, and had just settled in my mind what the gift was that I would like best of all to give to my heart's dearest, when a little trap-door opened unexpectedly beneath me, and I fell plump through into Dreamland. At least, I first fancied it was Dreamland, but I soon saw that I was in a great shop, a vast cone-shaped room, brilliantly lighted with wax-candles and glittering balls, and with articles of every conceivable description hung everywhere about on queer little forked hooks and twisted green nails, while a most delicious odor, like the concentrated essence of a whole pine forest, filled the apartment to the top.

Immediately upon my entrance, the proprietor stepped forward to meet me, lifting his glossy fur cap with one hand. A dear little man he was—short, and round, and rosy, with the merriest of faces imaginable, and a pair of such loving, laughing, twinkling eyes!

"I'm Santa Claus, at your service," said he, in a voice for all the world like a jingle of our silver bells. "I am glad you have found me out. This is where I do my wholesale business, the only establishment in the universe, and a fine one it is, too! What would you be pleased to have?"

"Something to give away," I answered, with a devouring glance around the room.

"Ah, that to be sure," replied the little man, promptly. "I keep nothing for those who would buy for themselves. Pray, with what may I serve you?"

"Why, really," said I, timidly, "my purse is very light, and everything you have looks so costly!"

"Oh, bless you!" interrupted Santa Claus, with a spicy little laugh bubbling to his red lips; "how can my goods be anything but costly, even the simplest, when they are one and all made by Love? An able workman he is, indeed, and the only one I employ—at work, too, day and night. He never rests."

"Perhaps, then, Love can make me my gifts," said I; "for I don't see them here."

"To be sure, to be sure," exclaimed Santa Claus, briskly, rubbing his plump, old hands together. "There is nothing in creation, save the impossible (which

isn't in creation) that Love cannot do. What is it you want?"

"Many things," I replied, sighing. "I want a little hour that I threw away one day a great many years ago, to give now to a dying friend; and I want a pleasure that I squandered in youth, to give now to one old in sorrow; and I want a kind word I once neglected to say, a smile I once shut my eyes upon, a caress I once forbore to give, that I may bestow them all now upon one whose heart hungers for love. I have had them all. They were all mine once, but I lost them; and now I would fain procure them again to give to one dearer to me than life; so you, who hold all the gifts of earth in your keeping, surely, you can find me these among them."

But Santa Claus was grown very grave as I spoke, nay sad, if that look were possible to his dear old smile-wrinkled face. "I am afraid, after all, that you have come to the wrong place," said he, slowly. "I have nothing old or second-hand by me. Love's gifts, whatever they be, are always new. However, come with me to Love's workshop, and let him say."

And immediately I found myself seated beside Santa Claus in a tiny, fur-lined sleigh, and he snapped the whip with a brisk, glad sound, like the cheerful crackle of pop-corn over a fire, and the reindeer tossed their happy heads, and away we flew miles and miles over the crisp snow, till suddenly I came right out of the ice and the cold into a flower-sweet, sun-warm garden; or rather, at first, I thought it was a garden, till looking closer I saw that I was really in a workshop, only the machinery was all most curiously made of flowers, with great fragrant wreaths going round and round like wheels, connected with each other by a wonderful network of creeping vines and trailing mosses. There was no noise, no jar, no confusion, no discord; nothing but that perpetual rush of perfume through the air, and a dropping of ripe rose-leaves to one's feet, and a sweet, glad silence throughout. In the midst of it all sat one alone at work, and I had never seen him before, never even so much as any portrait bearing real resemblance to him, yet the minute my eyes rested upon him, I knew that this was Love. He saw me, too, the instant I entered (nothing escapes the observant eyes of Love!) and smiled; and I felt gladder for being near him, and stood a while watching him at work. Very, very skillful was he, indeed, for he wrought marvels with the commonest materials, turning everything that he touched into a thing of beauty; but, perhaps it was his smile falling on them as he worked that lent them their magic, for, surely, nowhere have I ever seen such wonderful gifts as those which I there saw made by Love.

"Dear Love," I said at last, "you who are so deft a worker, can you not fashion me these simple little gifts that I seek?" And I told him my needs; but, alas, as I spoke, his sweet face clouded, and he shook his bright head gently and very sorrowfully.

"Alas!" he said, and his voice was like rarest music or like flowers shaken into speech: "I work with the present and future only—not with the past. I can make new things out of old, and fair things out of the plain and poor; but I cannot find the lost, nor remake the gone. I cannot restore to you the lost hour, the squandered joy, the forgotten caress. You must go for these to the great Warehouse of Time."

"And where is that?" I asked, with failing courage.

"At the end of all things," said Love, sadly; and my spirit quailed.

"How can I venture so far," I asked helplessly; but Love only smiled.

"Where will you not venture with Love for your guide, and where may not Love go?" said he; and I was afraid no longer.

And so I followed him forth, and was led for hour after hour and day after day, till I lost all note of time and place, and knew no more where I was. And then I found myself in a vast gray space, limitless and vague, with Time himself standing cold, and stern, and relentless by my side, while all around were the ghosts of dead years, and the phantoms of things that had been.

"O Time," I said, "Lost Time, have I caught up with you at last?"

"At last," he said.

"And what of mine have you gathered into your stores, O Time?" I asked, and drew back from him with a nameless dread, for he froze me with his breath.

"Have you found that tiny hour that I flung away one day, for lack of aught to do in it?"

"Yes," said Time; "I gather up all the lost minutes as they fall, to bury in the graveyard of the years."

"And that delight that I let slip through my hands because there were so many to hold—have you found that, too?"

"Yes," said Time; "I catch all the fleet pleasures as they pass, to store amid the sorrows."

"And that one kiss that I did not give because I could give so many more—oh, have you found that, too?"

"I have," said Time. "I hold all the it-might-have-beens as threads in my hand, to weave upon the loom Despair."

"And the kind word that I left unsaid—the dear smile that I forgot to meet; are they, too, both here?"

"They are," said Time. "Into my eternal keeping drop all Life's richest jewels."

"Oh, then, give me them again!" I cried, "I need them, oh, so sorely! Give me them back once more!"

"Nay," said Time. "They were yours once to have and to hold, and you cast

them from you, and now they are mine forever."

"But then I knew not their priceless-ness!" I implored. "And now I have learned their value. Oh, give me but that one hour back that I may add it to the sum of a life that is nearly told! One little hour! Is it much to ask when one that I love lies dying?"

"It is more than I can give," said Time.

"Then, give me but that one little pleasure back, that I may gladden with it the end of that dear and sorrowful life. O Time, is it much to ask, when one that I love will so soon feel no more?"

"It is more than I can give," said Time.

"Then, oh, then, give me back that unspoken word, that I may say it o'er and o'er to those ears that will soon cease to hear! Give me back that forgotten smile, that I may smile it over and again into those eyes that will so soon cease to see! Give me back that ungiven kiss that I may press it close upon those dear lips that will so soon kiss no more! O Time, Time, is this much to ask?"

"Nay," said Time. "Not much to ask back from the misused years, the despised blessings, the neglected affections and forgotten duties of a lifetime; not much in truth, yet more than I can ever give to you again."

"But I will give all, all that I have in return!" I cried. "I will buy back that pleasure, that kiss, with all the added joys and caresses of my future life—pay for that single hour with all the years that I have yet to live. O Time, relent ere it be too late! for say, is this not much to give?"

"Yes," said Time, "it is much; but it is less than I can take, and more than any can give. For no man living, from the day of his birth to the day of his death, may ever buy back that which he has once lost to Time."

"And I must return empty-handed even as I came?" I cried in despair.

"No," said Time, "not so; for you take Remorse with you."

And he came near and nearer till I felt his cold hand upon me, and all my blood ran ice, and then—Oh, thank heaven!—then with a great cry I awoke, and lo! it was all a dream. It was not yet too late. The hour, the gladness, and the love were yet all mine to give to whom I would!—Independent.

Household.

HARD-WOOD FLOORS AND WOOD CARPETS.—The most healthful flooring is the hard-wood, or its humbler relations, the painted or stained floors. They do not get full of dust and moths, and are readily cleaned. They remove the heavy load from the serried-in house-cleaning, while after contagious illness. They are, on the other hand, expensive from their own cost, and from the rugs they require to remove the bareness and to reduce the household clutter. A house with wood floors throughout is a noisy place where the family is of any size. Hard floors are particularly fitted for dining-rooms, sleeping-rooms, library and music room; but halls, stairs, and sitting-rooms are more comfortable carpeted. In the drawing-room a rich effect is more cheaply attained with carpet than with rugs, and the room being less used, its care is less burdensome. Hard-wood floors are of maple, oak, or Georgia pine, and should be tightly laid and "blind-nailed." The expense varies with locality. Wood-carpeting or American parquetry is a recent and successful effort to supply a floor equally as good as a permanent hard wood floor, but more easily applied. The wood, either walnut, oak cherry, or any two alternately, is one-quarter of an inch thick and in narrow strips or blocks, which are glued to a cloth back. The straight carpeting comes 20, 28, and 36 inches in width, and will roll up like oil-cloth, weighing 7 pounds to the yard. Plain borders are made in 3½, 5, and 6 inch widths, and corners, centre-pieces, and strips to form mitre lines come in the various woods. Such carpeting costs \$1.50 to \$18 per square yard, that for the latter price being designed intricately with centre-pieces and elaborate borders in oak, cherry, mahogany, maple, rosewood, and walnut. These prices are for the goods uncut and measured before laying, the laying and finishing being separate expenses. Only carpenter or cabinet-maker can lay these carpets, full directions being given by the city firms that supply them. But carpenters in the country have found trouble in giving this carpet its proper finish, and explicit directions should be secured with the goods. The finish is generally done in shellac, but hard oil or waxed finish is sometimes preferred. A carpet of this kind, including the laying and finishing, will cost about the same as a body Brussels carpet of the same size, and will last a lifetime. It can be laid over an ordinary floor, and being so thin, doors and thresholds do not have to be cut down. To order it, make a drawing of the shape of the room, showing where are all the windows, doors, projections, and recesses, and carefully measuring and indicating the spaces. Some floors are too poorly laid to be painted or stained, and the cost of hard-wood or wood-carpeting must be avoided. In such a case, "kiddermaster," a heavy ingrain, is an excellent and warm covering. It is a yard wide, alike on both sides, comes in all plain colors, and costs 80 cents a yard. It makes an effective background for rugs, but looks well when used alone.

We are in the ship, Jesus is on the shore. He sees all the work and oversees it. Dark though it be by night, little though we seem at times to succeed, he guides the casting of the net, he will secure a result of glory and success. In the morning they shall all be landed safely. His number shall be complete. He will lose nothing.—*Professor Laidlaw.*

A GREAT MAGAZINE.

THE CENTURY'S PROGRAMME IN 1892—A NEW "LIFE OF COLUMBUS"—ARTICLES FOR FARMERS, ETC.

That great American periodical, the *Century*, is going to outdo its own unrivaled record in its programme for 1892, as many of its new features begin with the November number, new readers should commence with that issue. In this number are the opening chapters of

"THE NAUHLAKA," A novel by Rudyard Kipling, the famous author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," written in collaboration with an American writer, Wolcott Balestier. It is the story of a young man and a young woman from a "booming" Colorado town, who go to India, he in search of a wonder-working necklace called "the Nauhlaka" (from which the story takes its name), and she as a physician to women. The novel describes their remarkable adventures at the court of an Indian maharajah. Besides this, the *Century* will print three other novels during the year, and a great number of short stories by the best American story writers.

The well-known humorist Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye") is to write a series of amusing sketches which he calls his "Autobiographies," the first one of which, "The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace," is in November. This number also contains a valuable and suggestive article on "The Food Supply of the Future," which every farmer should read, to be followed by a number of others.

OF GREAT PRACTICAL VALUE TO FARMERS, Treating especially of the relations of the Government to the farmer, what it is doing and what it should do. This series will include contributions from officers of the Department of Agriculture, and other well-known men will discuss "The Farmer's Discontent," "Co-operation," "celebrated Spanish writer is to furnish a "Life of Columbus," which will be brilliantly illustrated, and the publishers of the *Century* have arranged with the managers of the World's Fair to print articles on the buildings, etc.

One of the novels to appear in 1892 is

A STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE, by the author of "The Anglomaniacs," and the magazine will contain a great deal about the metropolis during the year—among other things a series of illustrated articles on "The Jews in New York." In November is an illustrated description of "The Players' Club," founded by Edwin Booth, and one of the features of the splendidly illustrated Christmas (December) number is an article on "The Bowery."

To get *The Century* send the yearly subscription price (\$4) to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

1892.

Harper's Weekly.

ILLUSTRATED.

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CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN
SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST CHURCH—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30; Chinese school, 6 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A. M. and 12:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth St., between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. D. Pullan, Pastor; residence, 117 Capp street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

FOURTH CHURCH—South side Green street, between Stockton and Powell streets. Rev. H. H. Wilkoff, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

BETHANY CHURCH—Bartlett street, near Twenty-sixth street. Rev. W. C. Pond, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

OLIVET CHURCH—Southwest corner Seventeenth and Noe streets. Rev. H. Hammond Cole, Pastor; residence, 309 Sanchez street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Young People's Meeting, 6:45 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

SWEDISH CHURCH—538 Jessie street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. Rev. C. Anderson, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 P. M.

OCEAN VIEW UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Broad avenue, near Capital street. Sunday preaching by Rev. J. B. Eddie, pastor, at 11 A. M.; Sunday-school, 12:15 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Friday, 8 P. M.

PILGRIM CHAPEL—Edinburgh, near Persia street. Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M. John H. Kemp, Superintendent.

SEVENTH AVENUE CHAPEL—Corner Seventh and Clement avenues. Rev. J. B. Eddie, Pastor. Sunday-school at 3 P. M. F. K. Houston, Supt. Sunday preaching at 7:30 P. M.

PIERCE-STREET CHAPEL—Northwest corner Pierce and Green streets. David M. Gove, Superintendent. Sunday-school, 3 P. M.

Congregational Associates.—President—Stephen S. Smith, No. 7 Montgomery avenue. Secretary and Treasurer—John F. Myers, 863 Market street, San Francisco.

Congregational Ministers' Relief Society of California.—Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D.D., President; Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D., Secretary; Geo. H. Kellogg, Treasurer, 112 Liberty street, San Francisco, Cal.

W. H. M. U. for Southern California.—President, Mrs. Emma Cash, 1710 Temple street, Los Angeles; Secretary, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, Box 442 Pasadena; Treasurer, Mrs. E. A. Spencer, 419 West Second street, Los Angeles. Superintendent of Literature, Mrs. Alison C. Blaikie, Florence, Cal.

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BENEVOLENT ORGANIZATIONS.

Young Men's Christian Association.—232 Street street. H. J. McCoy, Secretary.

California Bible Society.—Secretary, William Abbott, 1037 Market street, San Francisco. Treasurer—Edward P. Flint, 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Deputy Secretary—Mrs. L. W. Eckley, Berkeley.

Boys and Girls' Aid Society.—Baker street, corner Grove, San Francisco.

Cal. W. C. T. U.—132 McAllister street, San Francisco.

Fruit and Flower Mission for Aiding the Needy and Sick.—420 Post street, San Francisco. Thusdays—Visiting days to hospitals and other benevolent institutions. President—Mary A. Harris. Vice-President—Harriet Jacobson. Treasurer—Mrs. Geo. H. Buckingham. Secretary—Phenie Armour.

Young Women's Christian Association. 1221 O'Farrell street, between Octavia and Gough.

Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.—Boston and Chicago. President—Samuel B. Capen. Secretary—Rev. Geo. M. Boynton, D.D. Field Secretary—W. A. Duncan, Ph.D. Treasurer—E. Lawrence Barnard. Business Manager—Wm. F. Whittemore, Congregational House, Boston. Rev. Loyd L. Wirt, Superintendent for Central and Northern California, office, 757 Market street, San Francisco.

American Home Missionary Society.—Bible House, Astor Place, New York. Secretaries—Rev. Wm. Kincaid, D.D., Rev. J. B. Clark, D.D. Treasurer—Alex. H. Clapp, D.D. Superintendent Northern California and Nevada—J. H. Warren, D.D., 1316 Mason street, San Francisco. Superintendent Southern California—Rev. J. T. Ford, Los Angeles. Financial Agent—J. S. Hutchinson, at The Sather Banking Company's, corner Pine and Sansome streets; nr. P. O. Box 2563.

American Missionary Association.—Bible House, Astor Place, New York. Secretaries—Rev. M. E. Strieby, D.D., Rev. A. F. Beard, D.D., Rev. F. F. Woodbury, D.D. Treasurer—H. W. Hubbard, Esq. Western District Secretary—Rev. J. E. Roy, D.D., 151 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

California Chinese Mission.—Auxiliary to the American Missionary Association. Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., President. Rev. W. C. Pond, 436 Bartlett street, San Francisco, Secretary.

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New West Education Commission.—151 Washington street, Chicago. President—Mrs. W. E. Hale. Secretary

The Pacific.

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Wednesday, November 25, 1891.

One who is a very good authority has lately said that it is degrading to one's manhood to ask, "How shall I have a good time?" Of course, it is meant that this is so when such a question is raised as the habit and law of living. When it becomes one's study, not, "What ought I to do," "How can I best make a man of myself," but, "How can I indulge myself most pleasantly, how can I avoid the stress and strain of life most readily," then his manhood is degraded. To ask daily the former questions is the way to manliness and virtue. To ask continually the latter questions is the way to selfishness and the paradise of fools. "What ought I to do here and now" is the inquiry of an erect nature and a manly soul. "What will please and gratify me most for this particular day" is the question of a prone nature and a stooping soul. It may be that we are all of us too fond of a good time in the lower way. We may be too desirous of ridding ourselves of the strain and stress, the effort and the toil, of right-doing. We may be too ready to ask why it is even harder in our world to do right than to do wrong; why is the good more difficult than the evil? Well, one is the way up, and the other is the way down. There is a mountain top to be reached—here is a deep to glide into. Manhood, Christian power, is reached only by strain and stress, effort and prayer, as its necessary means. How not to make the ascent, who needs to be told?

Dr. E. C. Bissell of Hartford Seminary, in a recent paper published in the *Record*, expresses his surprise that the higher critics of Scripture should incline to represent that what they are doing does not greatly modify the accepted view of the authority of the Bible. He says and shows that if the prevalent analysis should gain, the common reliability of the Old Testament books would be seriously damaged, to say nothing of the claim of inspiration. Dr. Bissell has given very special attention to the minutest details of the later criticism, and he does not hesitate to say that the arguments used by German critics or their followers for the analysis of the Pentateuch are demonstrably fallacious, and that in no long time they will be abandoned by their authors themselves. Strange as such a statement sounds, when we consider the degree of assurance that is felt in the other camp, yet learning has been obliged to review its ground many times before.

A ship has just arrived bringing two native Pitcairn Islanders to this city. These men represent a community that had a singular origin, has had a remarkable religious history, has shown a marvelous attachment to the little island of its nativity, and has been, all unconsciously, these long years, trying a social experiment that is instructive; and may be of large value to the world in the changes of the hereafter. Think of more than a hundred people living together under laws and institutions of their own, and of the simplest sort, without a prospect of wealth, power, fame, ease or luxury, with few distinctions of any kind, all able to read, all religious in their way, all measurably contented, and all dependent in part on the chance calling of ships for supplying some of the necessities of life—and then think of the discontent of many who among us have, relatively, more than heart could wish.

There is an article in the November number of *Blackwood's Magazine* which says of Nyassaland: "The morning has dawned. The heavy part of pioneering work is over. The internal slave-trade is almost past. It is only in the far west of Lake Nyassa that the Arabs and half-caste Portuguese still openly carry on their diabolical work." The writer extols the work of the missionaries. After fifteen years of the attempt to introduce European civilization he declares it a success. The tribes have ceased from their hostilities. There is no swarm of population just there. Workmen for plantations came a long way.

With proper care white men can live and labor. Already gardens and farms enrich the scene. The light of life and the light of love are working their wonders in Africa as everywhere else in our world.

Good men are all the time saying something like this—"Virtue consists not in doing uncommon things, but in doing ordinary things uncommonly well." Perhaps it needs to be added that this doing of ordinary things uncommonly well should not have too much self-consciousness in it; so much of it as to make one seem like "posing" all the while in order to be esteemed virtuous. Opportunities for great deeds come to few of us. If more care we might not prove adequate to them. We have simply to purpose that we will do our very best every single moment about every particular thing. Then, at length, we shall find that we have done uncommonly well. For it is a rare thing in life that one never does anything carelessly or negligently just because it is a small matter, and no one is looking on.

A Massachusetts clergyman, in the *Hartford Seminary Record*, of which he is an editor, gives a first-rate notice of THE PACIFIC. He says: "No paper more truly cosmopolitan comes to our table. The editorials are concise and timely, and both these and the news department have a genuine Western avoidance of all circumlocution." He adds: "Our study of THE PACIFIC enlarges and exalts our conception of the growing Congregational community to which it has so long ministered." "While we were taking in, with a degree of complacency, this distant appreciation, we seemed to recall some quite different estimate not long ago expressed. The latter estimate may have been a salutary goad to us, but the distant appreciation encourages us.

When some of us were younger the treatise of "Edwards on the Affections" was much in circulation among the churches. It was kept as a treasure in some households, and frequently studied. It was a very searching little volume. It may have tended toward too much introspection; it may have led toward the mistakes of "quietism." Nevertheless, it is a good work for Christians to read, at least, once in their lives. There are, probably, not a few in our churches who would be advantaged by its perusal. To no one could the study of it do permanent harm.

A few reasons for desiring to have the national conventions of one, or both, of the great parties held on this coast may quickly suggest themselves to the mind of any of us. But, somehow, we are not able to see that the benefit in prospect is at all proportionate to the time and money which some persons are now expending, or to the enormous sums it is proposed to raise for defraying the expenses of the delegates. We think these moneys might be used in more profitable ways, and that our painstaking and anxiety would be more wisely expended in the cleansing and mending of our local politics. [The Republican convention will be held in Minneapolis next June.]

That kind of reform and zeal for righteousness which consists in berating the Church and the ministry may generally be left to those who do not profess to love the one or the other. To see a minister spend a large portion of his time in repeating what the opposers are all the time saying is not edifying, even if it be not exasperating. There is a measure of pointed rebuke of good men's sins that both truth and love require. But as soon as it degenerates into chronic scolding, truth and love have a hard time of it.

We lately heard this criticism of a sermon, and from an intelligent Christian lady: "It was fifty-five minutes long, and he was through several times!" Whose sermon was that? Did you time yourself last Sunday?

YAKIMA ASSOCIATION.—The Yakima Association of Congregational Churches met in the West Kittitas valley, where Rev. R. G. Hawn is pastor, November 11th and 12th. In spite of delayed trains, and a considerable snowstorm, a very pleasant time was enjoyed by all present. Rev. T. W. Walters, Superintendent of Congregational work in Eastern Washington, preached the sermon, and questions of interest to Christian workers were discussed. Resolutions were passed encouraging Bible study, especially in Sunday-schools and Bible classes, urging a more careful observance of the Lord's day as a day of rest and worship, and expressing sympathy with, and approval of, all efforts looking toward the closing of the gates of the Columbian Exposition on Sunday, and urging fellowship among denominations in Christian work. The visitors to the West Kittitas came away well pleased with their visit.

S. H. CHEADLE, Registrar.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB.

The autocratic requirement of the recent management of the A. M. A., that its teachers and missionaries submit all correspondence with friends to the head office for approval before their letters could go to their destination, was rebuked at Pilgrim Hall, October 2d, when the Association and its annual meeting were under consideration. It is a wonder that the workers were not all "on strike" for liberty. Why such a rule? (John iii: 20, 21.) Strong resentment was expressed against the demand of the Association for a deed of a valuable college property to which, at the start, perhaps twenty-five or thirty years ago, two or three thousand dollars were given. On the showing made, the suit commenced by the Association seems very unjust. There was regret at an attempt to shut off a full and free expression of feeling and opinion. The safest place for an over-pressure of steam is usually in the air, if it cannot be utilized for a good purpose. Men who express their own opinions, and then try to prevent others with the same rights from doing the same, are neither broad nor charitable.

A week later, at the same place, Rev. James H. Ross, late chairman of the ministers' meeting—succeeded by Rev. Geo. A. Gordon, of the new Old South, present Moderator—took Congregationalists severely to task for undue conservatism and the spirit of caste, for their lack of evangelistic warmth and method, and held them in disparaging contrast to the Methodists, whose zeal, ardor, and great success he eulogized. One item on the complimentary side of the subject is the generous contributions of members and money by our Congregational churches, especially in former years, to other denominations.

An Eastern reader likes THE PACIFIC better than the *Congregationalist*. In keeping with the political grain of my last spoke is "An Appeal for the Election of Temperance Senators and Representatives," by the Secretary of our Law and Order League, made before, but seen by the writer after our recent election. That it is a Christian common-sense appeal, the following quotation is in evidence:

"The Prohibitory Party pretends to be laboring for the cause of temperance, well knowing that its methods result in the defeat of friends, and the election of enemies of the reform. At the last election five Republican candidates for the Senate and twenty-two for the House of Representatives were defeated, who would have been elected if they had received the votes that were given to the candidates of the Prohibitory Party in those districts. All the Republican candidates for the Senate had good temperance records during previous service in the Legislature. Nearly all the twenty-two candidates for the House were also temperance men. Had the voters of the Prohibitory Party voted for temperance candidates who had a chance of election, the public bar clause of the liquor law would not have been repealed. I do not ask temperance men to vote for enemies of the cause, but I do appeal to them in every case where a temperance candidate has been nominated by one party, and an opponent of the cause by the other, that their votes shall be given for the temperance candidate."

The best practical results by all legitimate means is a policy based on sound moral principles in all Bible-sanctioned reforms.

The time was when some ministers would avoid voting because they had members of the two political parties in their church and congregation. It would be as reasonable for the same men not to choose wives for themselves. Should a minister be less of a man and a less faithful citizen because he is a public religious teacher, pointing to and striving to attain "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ?"

The real financial condition of the Maverick Bank and the facts regarding the reprehensible transactions of its directors are coming to the light to be re-proved. The loss now is thought to be about one million dollars. Hard and sad as it may seem, let the guilty be punished, that righteousness and integrity may be honored. The president of the bank, to say nothing of his business associates, has staggered under something more "raging" if reports are true, than financial burdens.

The Interdenominational Sunday-school Association of this State held in this city a four-session convention—introduced by a banquet reception—Monday and Tuesday of this week; President, Dr. E. A. Dunning. The distinguished and instructive speakers not of Massachusetts were B. F. Jacobs and William Reynolds of the International organization, Mrs. M. G. Kennedy of Philadelphia, and Dr. J. A. Palmer of New York.

The Unitarian Club held its November meeting last evening, and darkened, by words, scriptural truth about "The Person of Christ."

Dr. William E. Griffiths read at the October meeting of the Congregational Club, an exhaustive paper prepared after much research made in Holland during the summer, in evidence that the Pilgrim Fathers obtained in England their ideas of civil and religious liberty; not from the English, but from the Dutch who fled in large numbers to England during the war and persecutions of Spain, in time of William of Orange.

The World's W. C. T. U. Convention opens its public sessions in Tremont Temple to-morrow morning. Several preliminary meetings have been held. Miss Willard, elected President, was escorted to the chair by "God Save the Queen," and the "Doxology" voiced by a standing audience. What Lady Somerset said, methodistically interpreted, was, "Amen."

In having reached the office in Tremont Temple before the last three tickets were sold to the banquet in Music Hall next Monday evening fortunate was BORAX.

Boston, Oct. 12, 1891.

(Mild as May.)

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO GLASGOW.
VI.
BY J. B. EDDIE.

Leaving Chicago by the Michigan Central for New York, our course lay along the southern shore of Lake Michigan, the great fresh water sea. The sunbeams play upon the water, forming rainbows on the wavelets as they rise and fall. There is more variety in the scenery than in that of any State we have passed through east of California. Fields of tasseled corn, golden grain, and sweet-scented clover; meadows with cattle, sheep, and black hogs feeding in them; beautiful woods where the ivy and wild roses wreath the trees; sequestered glades with sluggish streams creeping through them to small lakes half-hidden among the willows that fringe their banks; farm houses peeping out of apple orchards, and prosperous, peaceful country towns pass in endless panorama before us. At Detroit the train is ferried over to the Canadian side. Here the customs officers present themselves to examine baggage, but, as ours is *en transit*, they do not trouble us. This part of Canada through which we pass is level and well cultivated, with farm houses located at regular distances of about a quarter of a mile from each other. There is nothing to break the wearisome monotony till we reach the sublimes, most wonderful spectacle to be seen crossing the Continent—Niagara Falls.

We were sound asleep at early dawn when the porter announced "Falls View Station; five minutes to look at the Falls." We opened our eyes, and several hundred feet below us there met our gaze that "Titon of Falls," as Lowell called it.

A short distance above the Falls the stream is compressed into a channel, which gradually becomes narrower and deeper, until it finally makes the dreadful leap. Goat Island, which divides the river, lies immediately above the Falls. The larger current converges towards the Canadian side, and forms the Horse Shoe Fall, so named from the shape into which the water has worn the solid rock. The American Fall is straight, but lies obliquely to the course of the river.

From both falls clouds of spray like dense volumes of steam rise high in the air and mingle with the clouds. The tremendous roar goes on unceasingly. Our eye wanders from the abyss into which the stream plunges and rises in foam, down the river. For the first few hundred yards the water is calm, as if it had not recovered from its dreadful leap; then in fury it flows on boiling, seething, raging, whirling, foaming, till it is lost to view on its way towards Lake Ontario.

We were suddenly awakened from the reverie into which we had fallen by the conductor shouting, "All aboard!" The railroad runs along the left bank of the river through the Canadian town, then crosses by a cantilever bridge two hundred feet above the heaving, angry flood. From this bridge we look up the river, and obtain a magnificent front view of the Falls. All nature seems subdued, as if in the presence of something above it. The trees growing on the banks bow their heads to have their leaves sprinkled with the spray of the angry stream, and boldly but trustingly dip their branches in the boiling tide.

Next we pass through the town of Niagara Falls on the New York side, which the attractions of the locality, and American enterprise, have made a prosperous place. Now, on our way to Buffalo, our mind reverts to the Niagara Falls, and we wonder how long it took the water to wear the awful chasm for miles out of the solid rock. And, back of that, how long did it take the rock to become solid?

From Buffalo we had a very pleasant run across the Queen State to Albany. There we crossed the Hudson, a noble river, which reminded us of some of the large rivers in Central Africa. From Albany to New York our route lies close to the river, on the left side. On the opposite side we could see trains in motion, while white-winged boats and swift steamers were sailing up and down the stream. Along the banks there are numerous manufactories and depots; overlooking them, on a low range of beautiful hills, are many villas, country residences of New York plutocrats, and beyond them rise the wooded Catskill mountains.

Is there any land on earth so enriched with all that is grand and beautiful in nature as this land? And yet, every summer multitudes of Americans cross the ocean to visit European scenery less wonderful than that within fifty miles of their own homes which they have never seen. Why not "do" our own country before undertaking any other?

The darkness of evening deepens as we approach New York, and the Hudson is illuminated by a myriad of lights. Having reached the Grand Central station, we are placed in a cab by a bustling "cabby," much in the same way as a piece of baggage. The cab rattles through the narrow streets to the pier, where the *Anchoria* lay, and we are soon asleep, unconscious of the throbbing life of the great city where we repose.

Home Missionary.

WOMAN'S STATE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.
President, Mrs. M. L. Merritt, 635 Thirtieth St., Oakland.
Vice-President, Mrs. H. S. Burbank, 1377 Telegraph Ave., Oakland.
Treasurer, Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1395 Harrison St., Oakland.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. L. F. Eastman, 518 Valencia St., San Francisco.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. W. Eckley, Berkeley.
Librarian, Mrs. A. L. Miller, 1451 Grove St., Oakland, Cal.
New societies being formed, please report themselves at once to the Secretary of the W. S. H. M.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.
ORGANIZED MAY, 1888.
President, Mrs. E. Cash, 1710 Temple St., Los Angeles.
Secretary, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, Box 442, Pasadena.
Treasurer, Mrs. E. A. Spencer, 419 West Second St., Los Angeles.
Sup't. Children's Work, Mrs. W. H. Dwight, Pasadena.
Superintendent of Literature, Mrs. Alison C. Blake, Florence, Cal.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Mrs. J. M. Haven, in account with Woman's State Home Missionary Society:
To Cash Received—
1890.
Sept. 25, Balance from last year. \$15 65
" Santa Cruz. 36 50
" Woodland. 8 07
" Murphys. 5 00
" Oakland friend. 1 00
Oct. 8, " 10 00
" 21, Rev. F. B. Perkins, to constitute Mrs. Perkins a life member. 25 00
Nov. 19, Cottonwood, to constitute Auxiliary. 5 00
Dec. 1, Oakland First Cong'l W. H. M. S. 36 90
" 12, " Mrs. I. M. Johnson. 50 00
" 20, Belmont, Mrs. Reed. 10 00
" 29, Oakland Golden Gate Church Emergency Fund. 3 75
" 31, Alameda, Mrs. M. P. Hoppin. 25 00
1891.
Jan. 1, Oakland friends. 10 00
" 2, Pacific Grove friends. 8 00
" 7, Martinez, Mrs. Mary Hale. 10 00
" 9, Oakland First Cong'l Church. 94 70
" 14, " Golden Gate Emergency Band. 13 00
" 14, " S. S. Nickel Fund, Golden Gate. 10 05
" 14, " Golden Gate Church. 10 00
" 27, " First Cong'l Church Ladies' Aid Society. 5 00
" 28, " Mrs. Watkins. 17 00
" 28, " Mrs. Shafter. 17 00
Feb. 5, San Francisco Bethany Earnest Workers. 10 00
" 19, Oakland, Mrs. E. S. Williams, to constitute Miss Grace E. Barnard a life member. 25 00
" 24, Oakland Plymouth Avenue S. S. Nickel Fund. 25 15
" 24, Oakland Plymouth Avenue H. M. S. 9 05
" 24, San Francisco Third Cong'l Church, to constitute Mrs. Pullan a life member. 25 00
" 24, Oakland ladies, for Lincoln Church carpet. 21 00
" 25, Oakland, Mrs. I. Knox. 5 00
" 25, Unknown ladies, for Lincoln Church. 43 00
" 28, Oakland friends. 5 00
March 9, Lodi. 15 00
" 9, Soquel. 13 00
" 10, East Oakland Pilgrim Church. 15 00
" 10, Pilgrim Church Mission Board, Mrs. Farnum's S. S. class. 5 00
" 14, Oakland, Mrs. Giles H. Gray, to make herself a life member. 25 00
" 19, Oakland membership fees. 6 00
" 21, Oakland First Cong'l Church, \$25 of which is given by Mrs. J. K. McLean to constitute Mrs. L. W. Finney a life member. 42 75
" 23, San Francisco, Mrs. E. A. Warren. 2 00
" 23, Soquel Willing Workers. 3 00
" 24, Cottonwood. 12 40
" 30, Oakland Plymouth Avenue Ch. 20 50
" 31, Oakland, Mrs. I. H. Gorrell. 50 00
Apr. 1, Haywards Cong'l Church. 7 75
" 4, Oakland, Market-street Church \$25 of which is to constitute Mrs. Merrill life member. 36 57
" 11, Santa Cruz. 3 00
" 15, Oakland First Cong'l Church, \$25 of which is to constitute Mrs. H. S. Burbank life member. 50 50
" 17, San Francisco Third Cong'l Church to constitute Mrs. McKee life member. 25 00
" 18, Crockett. 2 60
" 26, Oakland friends. 5 00
" 27, Berkeley. 16 50
May 9, Mrs. J. B. Richardson. 4 00
" 22, San Francisco, a friend. 50 00
" 13, Angels Cong'l Church. 5 10
" 15, Murphys S. S. Investment Fund. 1 80
" 16, Murphys, Christian Band. 6 40
" 16, Murphys, W. H. M. S. 2 55
June 25, Stockton Cong'l Church. 50 00
" 30, Oakland First Cong'l Church. 24 00
July 13, Belmont, Mrs. F. A. Blackburn. 10 00
" 13, Mission San Jose Cong'l Church. 5 10
" 25, San Jose, friends. 5 00
" 25, Oakland friends. 10 00
Aug. 5, Pacific Grove, friends. 5 00
" 10, Rio Vista, per Mrs. Warren. 5 00
Aug. 10, Berkeley S. S. 2 30
" 10, Oakland and San Francisco friends for last payment on Port Costa. 226 00
" 10, Alameda friend. 5 00
" 12, Oakland First Cong'l Church, thank offering. 166 80
" 19, Golden Gate Emergency Band. 5 00
" 19, " Nickel Fund. 3 50
" 19, Alameda Cong'l Church. 33 55
" 23, Oakland, Mrs. I. Knox. 5 00
" 23, Suisun Cong'l Church. 11 00
" 24, Santa Cruz Cheerful Workers. 5 00
" 28, Berkeley. 13 25
" 28, Sale of knitted doilies. 75
" 29, Sonoma Cong'l Church. 9 00
" 31, Murphys Cong'l Church. 11 00
" 31, Friends for Port Costa furnishings. 43 50
Sept. 1, Napa Cong'l Church. 5 50
" 7, Martinez. 8 00
" 7, Lockeford. 6 50
" 7, Berkeley Sunday-school. 4 00
" 7, Capay friend. 2 00
" 10, Oakland First Cong'l Church, \$25 of which is to constitute Mrs. W. C. Pond life member. 37 25
" 14, San Jose Cong'l Church, \$25 of which is to constitute Mrs. H. M. Tenney life member. 40 00
" 14, San Francisco, a friend. 50
" 15, Oakland, Market-street Ch. 13 45
" 17, Cottonwood Cong'l Church. 15 55
" 17, Oakland, membership fee. 5 00
" 17, Saratoga Cong'l Church, Mrs. Cross life member. 25 00
" 28, Santa Rosa, to constitute an auxiliary. 5 00
" 30, Santa Cruz Cong'l Church. 45 95
Total. \$1892 59

By Disbursements as follows—

1890.
Oct. 8, President Mrs. M. L. Merritt, for traveling and Society expenses. \$ 5 00
" 10, Rev. Francis King, missionary. 25 00
" 15, For printing, expressage, etc. 18 75
" 21, Rev. E. S. Williams, as designated. 25 00
Nov. 5, Secretary W. S. H. M. S. 5 00
" 25, President W. S. H. M. S. 10 00
Dec. 31, Congregational Union per direction. 25 00
1891.
Jan. 17, Treasurer California Home Missionary Society. 250 00
" 29, President W. S. H. M. S. 5 00
Feb. 5, New West Ed. Commission, Utah. 34 00
" 24, For Lincoln Church carpet fund. 21 00
" 25, Congregational Union. 5 00
" 25, Congregational Union. 10 00
" 25, Sunday-school Publishing Society. 5 00
" 25, Lincoln Church. 43 00
Mar. 2, Secretary W. S. H. M. S. 1 65
" 3, President W. S. H. M. S. 5 00
" 11, President W. S. H. M. S. 15 00
" 24, Treasurer California H. M. S. J. S. Hutchinson. 200 00
" 31, Treasurer California H. M. S. 50 00
Apr. 2, Congregational Union. 26 00
" 11, President W. S. H. M. S. 3 00
" 15, Expense of Incorporation. 10 75
" 18, President W. S. H. M. S. 2 60
" 18, Treasurer California Home Missionary Society. 100 00
May 22, Lincoln Church building fund. 50 00
" 29, President W. S. H. M. S. 15 85
June 31, American Congregational Union, as designated. 10 00
July 13, President W. S. H. M. S. 5 10
" 28, President W. S. H. M. S. 10 00
Aug. 5, President W. S. H. M. S. 2 00
" 5, Hines & Co. for publishing Leaflets. 5 00
" 25, Expressage on Leaflets. 75
" 10, Secretary W. S. H. M. S. 3 00
" 10, For Port Costa Church. 250 00
" 28, Expressage. 25
" 29, Loaned Rev. L. Wallace, as designated. 60 30
" 31, For Port Costa Church Furnishings. 43 30
Sep. 12, Treasurer California Home Missionary Society. 475 00
Balance on hand. \$1831 59
\$1892 59

RECAPITULATION OF RECEIPTS.
Alameda. \$38 55
Angels. 2 60
Berkeley. 36 05
Belmont. 20 00
Capay. 2 00
Cottonwood. 41 35
Crocket. 2 00
Haywards. 7 75
Lockeford. 6 50
Lodi. 15 00
Martinez. 8 00
Mission San Jose. 5 10
Murphys. 26 75
Napa. 5 50
Oakland, Market Street. 50 02
" Plymouth Avenue. 55 70
" Golden Gate. 30 30
" First Ch. W. H. M. S. and friends. 226 00
" Pilgrim. 20 00
Pacific Grove. 10 00
Rio Vista. 5 00
Saratoga. 25 00
Santa Cruz. 90 45
San Jose. 45 00
Santa Rosa. 25 00
San Lorenzo—Rev. Mr. Perkins. 25 00
Sonoma. 9 00
Soquel. 16 00
Stockton. 50 00
San Francisco, Bethany. 10 50
" Friends Church. 50 00
Suisun. 52 75
Woodland. 8 07
Lincoln Church. 43 00
Port Costa. 293 50
Total. \$1876 94

RECAPITULATION OF DISBURSEMENTS.

To Cal. State Home Missionary Society. \$1075 00
To Rev. Mr. King—Home Missionary. 25 00
To Rev. Mr. Wallace—Home Missionary. 60 30
To American Congregational Union. 101 00
To expenses: Incorporating \$10.75; printing \$24.75. 35 50
To President for expenses. 78 55
To Secretary for expenses. 9 65
To Port Costa church. 293 50
To Northwest Education Society. 34 00
To Lincoln church. 114 00
To Sunday-school Publishing Society. 5 00
Balance on hand. \$1831 59
Total receipts. \$1892 59

SUPPLEMENTARY.

From Dr. H. E. Knox, to constitute Mrs. Knox a life member. \$25 00
Collected by Mrs. Merritt for Eureka Church. 7 00
Collected by Mrs. Merritt for missionary box: From Mrs. H. D. Bacon, \$10; from a friend, \$1; from Champlin's Shoe Store, \$3. 14 00
From doilies knitted by Mrs. Nichols, sent from Niles—a valuable box. 5 00
Oakland First Church Homelands Circle. 65 89

The Unitarian *Inquirer* of London claims that the prominence given by certain Congregationalists to the Fatherhood and Immanence of God is proof of the power and spread of Unitarianism. The English *Independent* retorts that "these later developments" of theology are due, instead, to a "clearer recognition of the deity of Jesus of Nazareth," and "a firmer and truer grasp of the doctrine of the Incarnation." Since when? and in what? it may well be asked. When Unitarianism began, the truth that Christ is God, equal with the Father, was brought out by controversy more distinctly than before. But this was a long time ago. Late discussions of incarnation have been in the direction of exaggerating its relation to redemption, and disparaging atonement. The doctrine of the trinity has gained nothing thereby. And that Fatherhood of God in relation to the Son as second Person in the Godhead, which Unitarians deny, is a distinct thing from that Fatherhood of God towards man which broad gauge Congregationalists have been imbibing from Unitarians. Real advance in the apprehension of the former would lead to a clearer and wider recognition of the Father's part in propitiation for sin and the Spirit's relation thereto (a subject quite untouched as yet), instead of the spreading humanitarianism which the Unitarian above-named rejoices over.

ONOTA.

This year the Pennsylvania farmers upon 1,300,000 acres of wheat have raised 22,500,000 bushels of wheat, or an average of 17½ bushels per acre.

The Canadian Cabinet crisis is over. Capleau will retain the Secretaryship of State.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

A special meeting of the Bay Association will be held next Monday, November 30th, at the close of the Monday Club meeting, 3 P. M., in Y. M. C. A. rooms, San Francisco.

W. W. SCUDDER, JR., Scribe.
November 23, 1891.

At the last Monday Club Rev. A. Drahms, Chaplain at San Quentin, read an able paper on "Prison Management." It contained some startling statistics which we expect to give to our readers. Remarks followed by Mrs. Gove of the W. C. T. U., Rev. James Woodworth, who has long been engaged in prison work, and is one of the best informed men in such matters on the Coast. Rev. W. N. Meserve, missionary in our public institutions, gave some of his observations and experiences, and so did Rev. W. H. Tubbs, who is his co-worker. They have established a mission in the north part of the city, by which they hope to reach and help some of the discharged prisoners as well as others in this needy part of our city; nightly meetings are held. The place is corner of Stockton and Greenwich Sts.

Rev. F. B. Pullan will open the discussion next Monday on "Old Testament Preaching."

Rev. F. Flawith again supplied the pulpit of the First church in this city last Sabbath.

Chaplain L. W. Simmons, the "Union Spy," delivered an excellent lecture in Plymouth church last Friday evening. It contributes to the patriotism of the coming generation to listen to the worthy men of the present recount facts of unselfish devotion to our united country.

Dr. C. H. Steele will begin his famous series of six stereopticon lectures in Plymouth church December 3d. This series have been given in our First church of this city and the First church of Oakland with great success.

A delightful harvest festival was held by the morning Sunday School of Plymouth church. The platform was decorated with wheat, oats and flowers. There were recitations by the scholars and an address by the pastor, Dr. Williams. The scholars brought gifts of the produce of the soil and piled them upon tables in front of the platform; these will be given to the needy. The whole service was hearty and uplifting, and thoroughly enjoyed by the crowds of children.

At Olivet church in the evening there was a Thanksgiving praise service which crowded the house. In the morning Pastor Cole preached a good Thanksgiving discourse.

Bethlehem mission, Rev. W. H. Tubbs in charge, had 71 in the Sabbath-school and half as many at the service in the evening. A company of the Boys' Brigade has been formed and is being drilled by Captain Meserve.

At the Park Branch, Rev. A. K. Crawford in charge, a literary society, missionary society and company of the Boys' Brigade have been organized, and general progress is reported.

The First Presbyterian, English Lutheran, and Plymouth churches, will unite in Thanksgiving service at Plymouth church at 10:30 A. M., Thanksgiving Day. Rev. O. C. Miller, pastor of the English Lutheran church, will preach.

Evangelistic service at Pierce-street chapel next Friday evening.

Rev. W. H. Tubbs' address is 1314 Nebraska street, San Francisco.

The next meeting of the Gospel Temperance Union of San Francisco takes place Tuesday, December 1st, at 7:30 P. M., in the First Baptist church, Eddy street near Jones. The object is to secure the united prayers of God's people for the suppression of the liquor traffic. All interested in this important matter are cordially invited to attend.

Rev. Dr. McLean is on a visit to Los Angeles. Prof. Nash preached in the First church in Oakland in the morning. At night there was a Thanksgiving praise service.

Student Galway preached in the Market church in the evening.

Rev. J. F. Bacon preached a Thanksgiving sermon in the Second church.

Rev. E. C. Oakley of Plymouth Ave. and Rev. Geo. L. McNutt of Pilgrim church exchanged Sabbath morning. At night Pastor Oakley preached on "Will It Pay?"

The Rev. Dr. E. R. Dille lectured last Monday evening at the chapel of the Pacific Theological Seminary.

The Rev. Dr. E. H. Gray will lecture at the Theological Seminary chapel in the evening of November 30th, on the "Resurrection of Christ as a Historical Fact." All are invited.

Rev. D. Wirt received a very acceptable present of \$50 from his people at Tiburon one evening last week.

A harvest home praise service was held in our church in Vacaville. The church was beautifully decorated with Vaca valley fruits, vegetables and flowers. The pastor, Rev. H. E. Jewett, was assisted in the services by Rev. E. D. Hale and Rev. G. M. Dexter.

Professor Moor preached at New York landing Sunday morning to a full house, and the Lord's Supper was observed. The new house of worship is expected to be ready for occupation in about two weeks. Student Hanna has done a well-appreciated service there.

Rev. Geo. H. Merrill returned from

the East last Saturday. He had a pleasant visit, preaching nearly every Sabbath. Several churches were desirous of securing him as their pastor, but will take charge of some church in this State.

Rev. Joseph Rowell spent last Sabbath at Petaluma; he preached in the Congregational church in the morning. At night there was a Union Temperance meeting in the Presbyterian church. Mrs. Congdon delivered an address.

Rev. L. L. Wirt preached at Porterville and Plano last Sabbath.

Rev. H. W. Conry, D. D., will commence his labors at Tulare, December sixth.

EASTERN.

Dr. Zachary Eddy died at his home in Detroit, Sunday, November 15th, aged 76 years.

November 1st, fourteen united with the church in Atkinson, Ill., the fruits of a precious revival.

The twentieth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. B. F. Hamilton was recently celebrated by the church in Roxbury, Mass.

There are 565 Congregational, 452 Methodist and 346 Baptist Sunday-schools in Massachusetts; 7,550 from these schools united with the churches last year.

Rev. A. B. Robbins has retired from the church in Muscatine, Iowa, after a pastorate of forty-eight years, being the only church of which he has been pastor.

Plymouth church, Des Moines, Iowa, recently celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. A. L. Frisbie. The new Plymouth church, the largest protestant church in the state, was dedicated at Detroit, Nov. 8th. Rev. G. P. Wallace preached the sermon to a crowded house.

"CHILDREN'S HOME MISSIONARY ARMY."

Two weeks ago we appealed to the pastors and Sunday-school Superintendents to co-operate on November 22d, which had been designated as Children's Home Missionary Sunday, in enlisting our young people in a home missionary army. We stated that neatly printed cards, having a map of our country on one side, and a certificate of membership on the other, had been issued by the Society, and would be given to all who enrolled themselves in the Army, with an offering of at least ten cents. We expressed the confident expectation that in response to the request of the Committee on Contributions, these cards would be sent from the office in New York, directly to each pastor or Sunday-school Superintendent in this portion of the State, and though the time was short, we hoped they would come to hand before November 22d. In this I suspect that we have been disappointed, since none of these cards have reached ourselves even.

We have now another proposal to submit. December 20th is Pilgrim Sunday; it ought to be observed in all our churches. A most excellent exercise has been prepared and issued by the Home Missionary Society for use on Children's H. M. Sunday. It was impossible for any of our schools to use it on account of the shortness of the time. Cannot we have, on Pilgrim Sunday evening, in all our churches, a rally of the home missionary army, with this exercise as the programme? The Chairman of the Committee on Contributions will at once write for a supply of these exercises and of the cards, and will himself see that they are forwarded to every pastor who will undertake to have such a rally. In Bethany Sunday-school in this city envelopes were circulated on Sunday, November 16th, and the response on last Sunday gave us about 100 recruits. More envelopes have been called for, and we hope that the Bethany company in the Home Missionary army will be at least 125 strong. We have not heard, as yet, from any other school, but we urgently request our brethren to send in reports at once and get ready for a grand rally on the evening of December 20th. The cause is so great, the need is so pressing, the importance of educating our children into Home Missionary consecration is so unquestionable, that we plead for an effort all along the line—an effort earnest, determined, wise, successful. In behalf of the Committee,

WILLIAM C. POND, Chairman,
418 Bartlett street, San Francisco

I love all the dear brethren in other denominations, I do not care whether they are Roman Catholics or anything else; if they love the Lord Jesus Christ they may stand under any banner they please. I love them if they are brethren, and we know that we love Christ because we love the brethren. But, being a Congregationalist, I say I am always proud of the denomination, because it represents intelligence; it represents thought; it represents independence; it represents clear ideas upon every principle that comes up; it represents readiness to take hold of things and deal with them just as they ought to be dealt with. That is why I believe in Congregationalism. Now you take a church that just deals with all its members as if they were babes; that never gets any farther than the time that Paul speaks of the dispensation of the milk; and there is no bone and muscle and vigor in such kind of churches. That is the kind of church in which the minister is everything.—C. W. Northrup, in the International Council.

TACOMA MINISTERIAL ALLIANCE.

At its regular Monday morning meeting of November 16th the Tacoma Ministerial Alliance, consisting of more than forty members, mostly pastors of Evangelical churches in this city, the following was unanimously adopted: Our attention has been called to a widely published address delivered by Rev. Minot J. Savage, upon his return to the East after a recent visit to this coast, in which he says: "Tacoma also has a strong, earnest, though young Unitarian church. All the leading business men of the city are Unitarians, and I found that the principal bank of the place is called the First Unitarian Bank of Tacoma, from the fact that almost everybody connected with it is a Unitarian." The statement that "all the leading business men of this city are Unitarians" is wholly misleading. Here, where the facts are known, it is received with a smile and passed on, but our brethren in the East who have been interested in the religious condition of this city have not the same means of making allowance and may be interested to know the truth. The real state of the case may be judged from the following facts: There are in this city over forty Evangelical churches, thirty-one of which have church buildings, with an aggregate seating capacity of over 10,000. Several now worshipping in halls are preparing to build. The aggregate congregations of these cannot be less than a thousand more.

Of these Evangelical churches one seats over 1,200; four others between 600 and 800, and these are nearly always thronged to the doors. Many others seat 400 each. There is only one Unitarian church, having a small building, seating between three and four hundred. In about the same proportion it is true that "all the leading business men of the city are Unitarians." The facts in reference to the proportionate strength of the Evangelical and Unitarian elements could not wholly have escaped Mr. Savage's observation. If his associations while here were so entirely with Unitarians as to lead him to an opinion such as he has expressed, they were certainly limited. We are not sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Savage's mental habits to know whether his statement in reference to our city is characteristic of his method of telling the truth or not. Be that as it may, his statement concerning the strength of Unitarianism in Tacoma is about as true as it would be to say that most of the missionaries in Japan are Unitarians. Perhaps one-fortieth of "the leading business men" of Tacoma, who are connected with any church, are Unitarians. We deem it proper that our Eastern brethren of various evangelical communions who have helped in the establishment of churches here should know the facts. We are confident that our Unitarian neighbors will themselves prefer that justice be done in a publication of the facts. B. S. MACLAFFERTY, President of the Alliance.
G. G. MEAD, Secretary.

CHRISTIAN MEN IN COLLEGE.

[From an address by Rev. Dr. O. C. Brown published in the Tacoma Globe.]

Of the 34,228 young men in 202 institutions in this country 18,908 are members of evangelical churches—more than 55 per cent. Do you hear it, young men? Do you hear it, my brother—you who are sometimes inclined to take a dark and doleful view of the future, and think that things in general, and the young men in particular, are all going to the bad? Do you hear it, my friend objector? At the opening of the century infidelity blatant and rampant in the colleges; Christian students so few that it seemed as if a few more years would see the colleges wholly rid of them, as infidelity boasted. To-day nearly 19,000 out of 34,000 young men students Christians. The Christian student isn't lonesome any longer. He doesn't sit now-a-days between fellows who call each other Voltaire and Rousseau. He doesn't retire to give the infidel club the floor. He walks in good company, and plenty of it. He looks around on his fellow-students and counts a majority of them who adore the name Christ and are consecrated to the life of faith. He has time for college prayer-meetings and class prayer-meetings. He has manifestly looked over the field and said: Infidelity is a failure. It builds no hospitals, organizes no schools, founds no missions, civilizes no barbarians, purifies no immoralities, strengthens no weak arm, brightens no gloom, cheers no death-bed. I don't go that way. I promised in Voltaire's time to have the Bible obsolete and forgotten in a hundred years. It lacks 200,000,000 copies of fulfilling that promise. It promised to have the colleges rid of Christians in two generations, and now there are forty times as many in proportion as then.

It has promised to overturn Christianity and it has succeeded only in repeating the ideas advanced by Celsus and Julian, both of whom have been dead over 1,600 years. I prefer to go with another army. I take my stand with the faith which founded this republic. I take my stand with the Christian men and women who founded the common schools and colleges of this land; who have built and who sustain asylums and orphanages; who have given vitality to every great movement which has been for the glory of God and the good of our fellowmen; who have had some higher and nobler mission in the world than to rake over the ashes of doubt; who have better food than the cold meat which fell

from Julian's table. I propose to go with those who believe something, who have the great hope of a coming glory, who are inspired by the mightiest leader, and imitate the matchless characters of the Christian faith. I go with those who are holding up rather than tearing down; who can point to civilization displacing barbarisms, who are kin to Christian men and women in all parts of the earth who are doing what they can to heal its wounds and assuage its sorrows; who follow the pioneer into his most distant forest or far out to his prairie home, and build there for him the church and the college. Infidelity has had its day of bossing the young men in college, and passed on. To-day the Lord Jesus Christ looks in upon college and university and academy, and says: "Let those that follow me step forward!" and lo! more than one-half of the young men obey the summons and come to the front. Never in the history of the Protestant faith was there so large a proportion of Christian students as now.

What does that mean for the immediate future? It means that every branch of Christian work is to be greatly strengthened. There are to be more Christian men in all public positions. Christian men are to be more prominent in the positions of large business responsibility. There are to be more Christian congressmen, more Christian senators, more Christian judges on our benches, more Christian lawyers to plead before them and to help in elevating the judicial standard of this land. There are to be more responses to the calls which come from the pulpits of our country, and they are to be manned with more able men. The response has already been heard to the call which asks for the greatest self-denial. There are now in the various educational institutions of this country over 6,000 young people who are pledged to go as foreign missionaries as soon as the way shall open! Never before in the history of Christian missions have the various boards had so many young people—the brightest and best of our colleges—saying to them, "Here we are; send us."

NEWS BRIEVITIES.

Two thousand lives have been lost by the floods in the province of Toledo, Spain.

Land has reached an enormous value in London. A piece of Crown land on Pall Mall has just been leased at a rate based on a selling price of \$2,500,000 per acre.

There is an immense garden in China that embraces an area of 50,000 square miles. It is all meadow land, and is filled with lakes, ponds, and canals. Altogether it is as large as the States of New York and Pennsylvania combined.

A silk weaver in Lyons, France, has spent three years in making a Catholic prayer book, in which the prayers were woven into each leaf, not printed. Five hundred copies were made. They sell for wedding gifts to the rich.

France has just taken full control of the island of Tahiti, in the South Pacific. Furthermore, within a short time she has extended Algeria to Timbuctoo, has strengthened her hold upon Senegal, and has been carrying on operations not yet fully understood in Siam.

DIED.

DEVAUL.—In this city, at his home, 1828 Post street, Arthur B. Devaul, a native of San Francisco, aged 7 years 9 months and 8 days.

Little Arthur was a bright boy, a member of Plymouth church Sunday-school, and much beloved. Death has no terrors for those of whom Christ has said, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The funeral services were conducted November 17th, by the Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams.

"Who would not wish to die like those Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless? To sink into that soft repose, Then wake to perfect happiness."

W. D. W.

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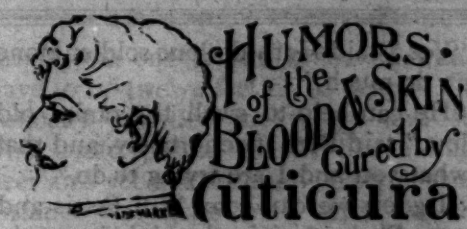


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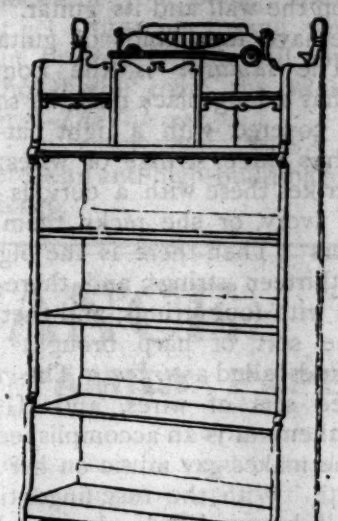
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(B) R. H. McDonald, President. San Francisco, California, July 1, 1891.

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Our Young Folks.

His Majesty the King.

That baby's a puzzle to me,
With his "queer little snubby nose";
His clothes are put on, I can see,
As thickly as leaves on a rose;
They don't seem to fit
The least little bit,
Yet he has such an air of repose!

They turn him around, upside down;
And dandle him high in the air;
He's the loveliest baby in town,
The sweetest, in fact, anywhere.
They say "Baby's king,"
And then shake the poor thing;
It's a wonder to me how they dare.

Of what earthly use to be king
When all of your subjects are mad,
And imagine a wild Highland fling
Can alone make your majesty glad—
Or fancy a poke
In the chin is a joke
Your highness delights in when sad?

Oh! yes, you're a puzzle to me,
You solemn-eyed, infantile king;
A bishop might climb up a tree
And you wouldn't say anything,
Though he sat on a tough
And whistled till now,
"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring."

And yet you will smile at a wink,
Or chuckle aloud at a sneeze,
Though your life is made up, I should think,
Of things more amusing than these;
As when, half the night long,
Your mamma sings a song
But allows you to sound the high C's.

Perhaps in the far Baby-land,
The joking is finer than here.
Perhaps we can't quite understand
The pre-mundane funny idea.
Perhaps if we knew
What most amused you,
We'd feel very foolish and queer.

HAROLD EVANS' RINGING IN.

BY M. L. HAYWARD.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Evans' tea-table looked very inviting to the five hungry boys. Not so hungry, however, but that they could notice the pleasant effect of snowy cloth and napkins, and the perfect neatness which characterized the simple appointments. The wise mother well knew that the way to the heart lies through the stomach of boys as well as men; and the wholesome, appetizing meal diffused a glow of generous good humor in the hearts of the young guests.

After a season spent indoors with books and pictures, they went out to indulge in such sports as only boys can invent and enjoy. The soft summer darkness, falling suddenly, sent them to the porch for a short respite.

Here Mrs. Evans found them, and in her own gentle way, proceeded to gain their confidence.

She told them stories of her own childhood; how, the only sister among nine rollicking brothers, she could run the fastest, climb the highest of any of them.

"I hated dolls and 'dolly rags,' she said, laughingly, "and, too, I hated to be called a tom-boy; yet I bravely bore the nickname rather than give up my favorite sports."

Having won their eager interest, she went on to tell them other stories, sketching, with vivid, rapid words, the boyhood of Moses and Samuel, Joseph and David, and the divine, yet human boyhood of the Lord Jesus, who was "subject" to his parents, seeking earnestly to impress upon his little audience the value and beauty of true and noble living.

They had each heard more or less preaching of different sorts; but her talk was so familiar and earnest, it gave three of them new ideas concerning life. They were bright enough to make the application of the truth underlying the stories, and were evidently interested in the thought that there was some other reason for being good than simply to escape the consequences of evil-doing.

"I don't see how boys can live up to all the preaching they hear," remarked Bob at last. "And I don't 'spose they expect to."

"O Bob, exclaimed Harold, "I know lots of boys and girls who are trying to live according to the teaching of the Bible! They think it pays, too!"

"They don't live around here, I guess," replied Bob. "Anyhow, it always seemed like soft spoony business to me, good enough for women and girls."

The darkness hid the curious smile on Mrs. Evans' face; she had heard such speeches, and if Bob had intended to shock her, he was disappointed.

"I tell you," spoke up Harold again, "it wasn't soft business for those knights who went out to fight for principles of truth and honor!"

"Endure hardness as a good soldier," repeated Mrs. Evans, softly.

"Do you suppose that the soldiers in our army were soft and spoony?"

"No sir-ee!" exclaimed Jimmy, eagerly; "my father was there, and he tells stories about the hard times the soldiers had; and he says it needed some courage in camp and on the march, as well as to go into battle."

"That is quite true," said Mrs. Evans, rising; "and the Christian warfare requires the same noble courage in camp and on the march, as well as in special battles. 'Good Soldiers' will be a nice name for your club, Harold."

"What club is that, Hal?" inquired Will, curiously.

"It's a plan Harold has studied up for the good of such scape-graces as you and I," replied Bert.

"Harold did not originate the plan, Bert," said Mrs. Evans; "but I must send you home, as it is quite late. I want you to think over this talk, and Harold will tell you his plan some day. Remember that soldiers go to the war in companies."

"Yes," said Harold, "one soldier alone can't do much."

"He can help to swell the ranks, old fellow," said Bert affectionately, and that is what you and I are trying to do."

"I guess we can coax Will Pettis and Jimmy Phelps to join the club," remarked Harold to his mother, as they went about, closing the house for the night; "but Bob Dearborn is a hard case."

"He will make a grand soldier if you only can enlist him," answered his mother, confidently.

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE GIRLS.

In Japan there are two things which are taught to all the little girls; one is how to place a flower or a branch of leaves in a vase, and the other is how to play on a guitar. If you go into a Japanese home you hear a tinkle from almost every room. You get used to this soft, light beat of music as you do to the gurgle of a brook or the drip of a fountain. There seems to be no Japanese house without its flower vase, its picture on the wall and its guitar. The Japanese have four kinds of guitar or harp. The *samisin* is the common kind; it has a long black neck, its square body is covered with a tight cat-skin, and it has three strings or wires; the player strikes these with a curious little piece of ivory, or she picks them with her fingers. Then there is the big *koto* with its thirteen strings, and there is a tiny lute with four strings, and there is a very fine sort of harp brought from China, and called a *gitar*. The *gitar* has three sets of wires, and if Miss Chrysanthemum is an accomplished musician she makes gay music on her Chinese harp. With the rosy fingertips of her small brown hands she can bring forth from the wires all the sounds of the great Japanese Hunt which takes place each year on the third of November. On one set of the wires she can call like a hunter to his hounds, and from another set, at the same time, you hear the hounds bark and bay. She will give you from that little harp the most enchanting noises—the cries of the Japanese wild animals, and the note of the swamp and water bird. The Japanese are so fond of music that they scarcely take a meal without the harp or guitar. The table music is either furnished by a daughter of the family or by a "singing girl" hired from outside, of whom there is a large class in Japan.

The "singing girl" will come on her little wooden clogs, bringing her guitar, and with the jeweled hairpin stuck in her glossy black hair, and her gay sash tied in big bows at the back, she looks exactly as you see her on Japanese fans.

While the family eat rice and beans and raw fish, she will sing them a song of a flowering cherry-tree or a red peony, or chant them a ballad of the Golden Dragon, sounding the guitar all the while. I am sorry to say she sings "through her nose" and in a very high key. Sometimes a small drum is used, and now and then the singer accents her song with a dull, soft boom, boom, boom.

The Japanese girls have very beautiful names—names which mean "Little Purple," "Little Butterfly," "Silver Bird," "White Brightness," "Brightener of the Flower," "Pearl Harp" and many other lovely things.—Our Little Men and Women.

THE CHRISTIAN'S THANKSGIVING.—It is different from that of worldly people. Both unite in recognition of God's goodness in granting national peace, and health, and a bountiful harvest. Both are grateful for the everyday mercies of life. But the real Christian has reasons for gladness which others have never known. An "unspeakable gift" has come to his heart. Once he walked in the counsel of the ungodly, and stood in the way of sinners, and sat in the seat of the scornful. Now "his delight is in the law of the Lord, and his law doth he meditate day and night." He is no longer an "alien"; now he is an heir to a throne and a crown. And not only does great joy come to his heart because of the coming coronation, but to him is given the unspeakable privilege of leading others into the way of light and life. O Christians, rejoice!—*Thanksgiving Epworth Herald*.

HOW TO SEND FLOWERS BY MAIL.—Cut them early in the morning, and let them stand in water for some hours before packing, so as to absorb moisture enough to prevent them from withering, in which case they will not need to be sprinkled after they are in the box. Pack in a light wooden box lined with cotton batting and covered with tissue-paper. Lay the flowers not on top of each other, but in rows side by side, the blossoms of each row on the stems of their neighbors and as close as possible; cover with paper and cotton; see that the lid of the box is securely fastened, and remember to write on one corner "Cut flowers," as that will insure the package being carefully and quickly handled.—*Harper's Young People*.

TO REMOVE FRESH SPILT INK.—Take up as much as possible of the ink with a tea-spoon. Then pour cold milk on the spot and take up as before; repeat until the milk is only slightly tinged with black. Then rinse with cold water and dry with a cloth, rubbing lightly. Another authority says, when ink has been spilled on a carpet to immediately cover the spot thickly with salt, and in five minutes the stain will have entirely disappeared.

The holy image of God once shining in glory within the depths of the heart, the kingdom of God can be established there.—*Golden Rule*.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

About a mile beyond the Beech Hill stood Squire Macdonald's store, and one dreary night in late autumn there came thither first Rory O'More, and then Sandy Big John, and finally Alec Gillies, all in a high state of excitement, and asserting with much positiveness that they had seen the ghost on Beech Hill. Now the squire was a shrewd, hard-headed, and unsuperstitious a Scotchman as ever traded tea for butter or sugar for eggs, and he had no more faith in the Beech Hill ghost than in the man in the moon.

But this time the testimony of the terrified witnesses happened to agree remarkably. The ghost had appeared to all in precisely the same form, namely, as a white shapeless thing that rolled along the ground, uttering shrill and threatening shrieks. The matter was surely worth looking into.

"Hark ye, now," said the squire at last, "I believe you're nothing better than a parcel of foolish boys; and to prove it, I'll go up to the Beech Hill myself, and see what it is that has come so high scaring the life out of you."

Thus speaking, he got his coat and hat, and calling upon them to follow, set off for the scene of the ghost's walk. Rory and Sandy and Alec would much rather have been excused, but pride overcame their timidity, and they followed in their leader's track. Hardly had they reached the foot of the hill than the shrieks they had heard before came to their ears.

"There it is again!" exclaimed Rory, with trembling lips. "Can ye no hear it, squire?"

"To be sure I can," responded the squire, stoutly; "and I'm going to see what it is. Come along."

The distance between the doughty squire and his followers increased as he went on, while the shrieks grew stronger with each forward step.

When about the middle of the ascent he saw the ghost. It was, as the men reported, a white shapeless thing rolling upon the ground, and from it undoubtedly came the piercing cries which had proved so alarming.

Going straight up to the thing, the squire touched it with his foot, then bent down to feel it with his hand, and then burst into a roar of laughter that at first startled the three farmers almost as much as the ghost's shrieks.

"Come here, you fools!" he shouted. "Come and see what your ghost is."

In a hesitating way they drew near, and examined the cause of their affright. It was a white meal bag containing two very lively young pigs, which had in some way fallen off a farmer's wagon into the middle of the road, there to prove a source of terror to the superstitious and perhaps not altogether sober passers-by.—*Harper's Young People*.

THE FOX IN THE GARDEN.

A FABLE FROM THE TALMUD.

A fox came near a very fine garden where he beheld lofty trees laden with fruit that charmed the eye. Such a beautiful sight, added to his natural greediness, excited in him the desire of possession. He fain would taste the forbidden fruit; but a high wall stood between him and the object of his wishes. He went about in search of an entrance, and at last found an opening in the wall, but it was too small to admit his body. Unable to penetrate, he had recourse to his usual cunning. He fasted three days, and became sufficiently reduced in bulk to crawl through the aperture. Having effected an entrance, he carelessly roved about in this region, making free with its exquisite produce and feasting on its more rare and delicious fruits. He remained for some time and glutted his appetite, when a thought occurred to him that it was possible he might be observed, and in that case he should pay dearly for his feast. He therefore retired to the place where he had entered, and attempted to get out, but to his great consternation he found his endeavors in vain. He had by indulgence grown so fat and plump that the same space would no more admit him. "I am in a fine predicament," said he to himself. "Suppose the master of the garden were now to come and call me to account, what would become of me? I see my only chance of escape is to fast and half starve myself." He did so with great reluctance, and after suffering hunger for three days, he with difficulty made his escape. As soon as he was out of danger, he took a farewell view of the scene of his late pleasure, and said: "O garden! thou art indeed charming, and delightful are thy fruits—delicious and exquisite; but what benefit art thou to me? What have I now for all my labor and cunning? Am I not as I was before?" It is even so with man, remarks the Talmudist. Naked he comes into the world, naked he must go out of it; and of all his toils and labor he can carry nothing with him save the fruits of his righteousness.

AN OFF-SHORE CRUISE IN A PILOT-BOAT.—The Sandy Hook pilot fleet is composed of twenty two boats hailing from New York and eight from New Jersey. Each boat carries its number in huge black figures on both sides of its mainsail, and some of the New York boats carry in addition the letters N. Y. on their fore-sails. These are the boats that cruise to the southward from Sandy Hook, and they carry these letters in order that they may be distinguished from the Delaware River or Chesapeake Bay boats, in whose company they are often seen. These numbers and letters are not painted on the sails, but are cut out of black canvas and sewn on.

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Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

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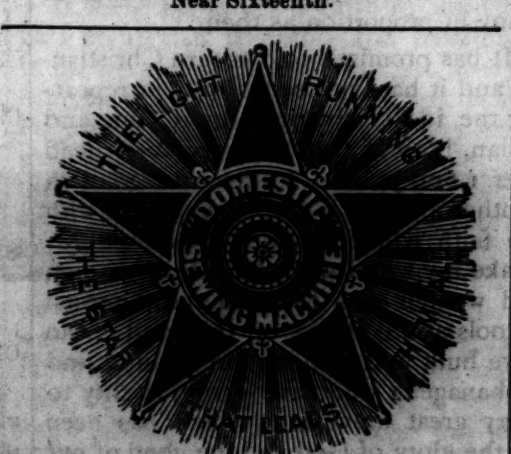
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THE HAPPY STATE OF THOSE WHO
DIE IN THE LORD.

Rev. Mr. 13.

[Sermon by Rev. S. H. Cheadle, in memory of the late Mrs. J. P. Marks, preached recently to the largest congregation ever assembled in the Athlone, Wash., Congregational church, and published by request of the friends of Mrs. Marks].

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them."

Mrs. Ellen Marks died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Smith, near Norton, Washington, Monday, September 14, 1891. She had a severe attack of the grip which terminated in the consumption. Born in Illinois July 18, 1837, coming across the plains in '45 with her parents by ox team; spending the early portion of her life in Yamhill and Linn counties, Oregon; living a year on the Sound; and then, twenty years ago this fall, making her home in the Athlone valley—she had spent the most of her life in the West, and was in her entire make-up thoroughly western. She was a very fair representative of the early pioneers, and possessed that strong and sturdy character which was developed by the hardships of early pioneer life. She possessed a bright, quick, active mind, could see a point or make a point as well as anybody, had good judgment, and held good practical common sense views with respect to almost everything; active, industrious, persevering, and a worker in every field of labor. She was also kind, sympathetic, and generous, extremely helpful to the needy, especially if they showed themselves worthy of assistance. As a nurse, counselor, and helper in time of sickness she was unsurpassed. That she might assist people in these ways she willingly sacrificed her own time, her own work, her own health. She would probably have lived many years longer had she not worn out her life in waiting upon others.

I can remember no time in my ministry when it seemed more appropriate to use this text than on the present occasion, when we are paying our last tribute of respect to one so full of good works.

The word *blessed* means happy. Who, then, are the blessed? Not simply the dead. Certainly not the wicked who die in sin. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. This expression "in the Lord" is used quite frequently of the followers of Christ. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature."

And Paul, in his salutations at the close of the Epistle to the Romans, refers to Andronicus and Junia "who," he says, "were in Christ before me." Also he refers to the household of Narcissus, "which are in the Lord." He exhorts the Philippians to "stand fast in the Lord." Those who thus lived faithfully in the Lord till the end of life, also died in the Lord. These are called blessed—happy.

They are happy because they rest from their labors. How sweet is the promise, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God!"

How sweet is rest after labor! When we have labored with brain or hand until weary, how much we appreciate the time of rest! Those who never labor know nothing of this sweetness. They are trying to kill time and it hangs heavily upon their heads. Our departed sister has lived a busy, diligent life. And her labors were by no means for self. Many can testify to her helpfulness. She has no doubt met the gracious welcome from Christ, "Inasmuch as ye have ministered unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have ministered unto me." Of her it may be said as of Dorcas, mentioned in the acts of the apostles, "This woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did." She will no doubt greatly appreciate the sweet rest from toil into which she has entered.

Again, happy are the dead who die in the Lord, because they rest from all sin, temptation, sorrow and suffering. The best of us are conscious of short-comings; conscious of having done things which we wish we had not done; conscious of having failed to do things which we wish we had done. None of us are exempt from temptation. Christ was not exempt. Then we are so constituted that out of our sorrows, out of our sufferings, comes our highest development of Christian character. Not our joys, but our sorrows, develop the best that is in us. But when the process is completed in ripened Christian character, how sweet will be the rest where no sin, no temptation, no sorrow, no suffering can come!

Then they are happy because they rest from all the anxiety of life. It is true that Christ said, "Be not anxious." And we may have faith that rises above anxiety in temporal matters. But who can avoid anxiety in the great work of life? In San Francisco some ministers were discussing the subject of preaching, when one of them said, "Brethren, there is a great deal of heartache about good preaching." Then we are to work out our salvation with fear and trembling. I repeat, who can avoid anxiety in the great work of life? He who can say, "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, and there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness," how sweet will be our rest from the great anxiety of life!

Again, they are happy because their works follow with them. This is the meaning of the original. Their works

come up with them for a memorial before the Lord, contributing to their reward. These works do not constitute a ground of salvation; that was provided in the sacrifice made by Christ. We are saved by Christ, unto good works. And these good works constitute a ground of judgment, and we are rewarded according to the deeds done in the body.

It is well said, "This is all that can follow a person to eternity. He can take with him none of his gold, his lands, his raiment; none of the worldly honors of this life and none of the means of sensual gratification. All that will go with him will be his character and the results of his conduct here."

There is the old Jewish story of the man who had three friends. When cited to appear before the king, the one he loved most refused to go with him at all. The second would go only to the door of the palace. The third, whom he loved least, not only went with him, but pleaded his case so well before the king that he was cleared from all blame. We have three friends when cited by death to appear before God. Our money, which we love most, can not go with us at all. Our friends can go only to the tomb. But our deeds and their effects upon our character go with us to the bar of God and constitute the basis of our reward. "Their works follow with them." But let no one make the mistake of trying to save himself by good works. We are saved by the forgiveness of sins through the mercy of God; but, being saved, we may then devote our lives to good works, expecting that God will reward us accordingly.

Then, they are happy because of the influence they leave behind them. Men die, but their influence never dies. It will live on in the persons they have come into contact with, and so on down the stream of time until the ripple started in the current breaks on the utmost shores of vast eternity.

We not only must leave an influence behind us, but that influence must be good or bad. Those who live and die in the Lord leave hallowed influences behind them, and can look back with great satisfaction upon the memories of the past. But we must not forget that, as Dr. Trumbull says, "If we would have pleasant memories of the past, we must provide for them now. When they become memories it is too late to change them." Our present deeds will make our future memories. If we would have them pleasant, let us do things that are well pleasing.

Once more, they are happy because that "to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord." Need I dwell upon this? How glorious it will be! Who can paint the glory of heaven? Who can express the joy of reunion with loved ones gone before? (I Thes. iv: 13-18.) What a grand reunion that will be.

"Forever with Jesus there." Oh, inexpressible delight! It is wonderful; it is glorious; it is eternal!

Dear friends, these are not vain hopes. They rest upon a firm basis in both reason and revelation. How forceful are these beautiful words from an able writer: "I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float upon its waves and sink into nothingness; else, why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbows come over us with a beauty that is not of this earth and then pass off, leaving us to muse upon their favored loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousands of streams of our affections to flow in Alpine torrents upon our hearts?"

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, and where the stars will spread before us like islands that slumber in the ocean; where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

KEEPING THE SABBATH.—A Chicago lady recently ascribed her conversion to the following incident: "She was traveling through New Mexico, three years ago, and was side-tracked at Santa Fe one Sunday. She and a lady friend had some handkerchiefs they wanted washed, and spying a Chinese camp a short way off, went to it, and she asked a Chinaman if he would wash the handkerchiefs. He replied, 'No, me no washee to-day.' The lady's friend, thinking, of course, that John was lazy, recommended her to display her cash, and renew the request. So she held a dollar bill, together with the handkerchiefs, and asked him again to wash them. At this John grew solemn, and reaching up to a shelf, took down a book, which the lady was surprised to see was a Bible, and holding it in one hand, pointed to it with the other, looked into her face, while a tear stood in his eye, and said: 'Me Chinaman and you Melican lady; and I love that book. You no good lady.' There were no handkerchiefs washed that day. A profound impression was made on the ladies and their party, ending in the conversion of the speaker."—*Sailor's Magazine*.

There are 50,842,434 acres of vacant land in Wyoming.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Convention of Christian Workers which has been in session here during the week ending with to-day has unquestionably been a most pronounced success, a success which will increase the number as well as the enthusiasm of those who elect to work among those who seldom or never attend church. At the Convention and in outside meetings the visiting delegates have told about the demonstrations of practical Christianity in their several localities. Some have told of the great good which has been accomplished in the worst quarters of our large cities by the persistent work of Christian men and women who have stilled their natural repugnance to disagreeable, and in some cases disgusting surroundings, in order that by precept and example they might show these degraded fellow-human beings the great love felt for them by the Master; some of the helping hand extended to fallen women by their pure sisters—Miss Fincan of Toronto, Canada, is an enthusiast on this subject, and she proves its practicability by pointing to the actual reformations it has within her own personal knowledge brought about; some of the work among children—Dr. Torrey, president of the Convention, asserts that he would rather convert a boy of five than a man of forty-five; others, of work among criminals and loafers; and one of the establishment of a mission in Minnesota for temperate men who are willing to try to conquer the liquor demon.

All of this is very encouraging, and bears out the statement sometimes disputed, that the world is all the time growing better; but looking over the speeches and talks at this Convention, made up of those who devote so much of their time to the dissemination of practical Christianity among the occupants of the world's lower stratum, if such an expression be allowable, I was struck by the fact that nobody told of any success attained in spreading practical Christianity among the occupants of the world's upper stratum. Now, stop a moment, and think about this. Large sums of money and the time of thousands of noble men and women are being freely given to maintain missions and mission workers among the worst quarters of our large cities. This is worthy of the highest commendation and should be increased instead of decreased; but what of the unbelieving occupants of the best quarters of our cities? The men and women who devote their time to selfish occupations or pleasure, ignoring not only Christianity, but even God; men and women who are respectable, well educated and in many cases refined, but who never see the inside of a church unless it is to attend a funeral or a marriage. What of them? Are not their souls as valuable as those of the ignorant and vicious frequenter of the slums? This class is recognized by the thoughtful as being among the most insidious foes of Christianity existing in the present age, and it stands in greater need of Christian missionaries than almost any single class in our midst; but if the fact be recognized by the Christian Workers it was not made conspicuous at their Convention. That this class cannot be reached by ordinary methods is obvious, but it will not do to be stampeded by the difficulty of the task. There is a way, and if it be sought for with sufficient diligence it will certainly be found.

The Court of Claims has decided that the claim of the States of Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, against the general Government for two per cent. of the proceeds of public lands sold in those States to aid in the building of the National or Cumberland road, is barred by the statute of limitations. President Harrison held a special reception this afternoon in honor of the delegates who have been in attendance upon the Christian Worker's Convention. There is reason for rejoicing in the announcement that an agreement has been effected with England providing for the arbitration of the disputed questions concerning Behring's Sea that only needs the ratification of the Senate to go into effect.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 11, 1891. AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY. The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House on Thursday, November 5th, 1891. Among communications from foreign lands presented to the Board were letters from Mr. Carrington, of Siam, announcing that the printing of two thousand copies of the Siam-Lao Gospel of Matthew was completed, and that at least one thousand copies would be sent with the new Lao missionaries to their field of labor; from Mr. Milne and Mr. Penzotti, respecting hindrances in their work; from Mr. Hamilton, of Mexico, with a Bible distribution for the quarter ending September 30th; from Mr. Wheeler, of China, respecting the meeting of the Translation Committees of the Standard Chinese Bible at Shanghai, November 18th; from Mr. Whipple, of Persia, with a report of Bible distribution in his field for the half year ending June 30th; from Mr. Norwood, of Caracas, reporting encouraging sales of Scriptures, notwithstanding much sickness and some cases of yellow fever in that place; from Mr. McKim of Cuba reporting an abiding desire among the people for the Scriptures; and from Mr.

Bowen, of Constantinople, reporting hindrances in the work from the unwarranted interferences of Government officials.

On recommendation of the Committee on Distribution, \$2,000 in funds were granted for Bible work in China. Grants of books were also made to the value of about \$1,144, including consignments to the Society's Venezuela, La Plata, and Mexico Agencies.

It is a matter of special interest that both in New York city and in New Orleans persons speaking Arabic have, during the month, been supplied with the Scriptures in that language.

The issues from the Bible House in October were 85,138 volumes; issues since April 1st, 540,022 volumes.

BIG AT A DISTANCE.

If you undertake to measure things at a distance without the aid of a theodolite you are next to sure to miss it—usually in the way of exaggeration. It is a disaster you see ahead, it looks many times as large as it really is—an so of an obstruction, a difficulty, a trial of any sort. The worst things for us are not as bad as they look, and the best things not as good. Last summer I saw something that was wondrously like a deer lying on a distant hillside; but there was a pine at his head and one at his heels, and to

reach from one to the other he would have to be twelve feet or so long. But curiosity impelled me to go and see what could look so exactly like a huge deer and yet not be one. Only a short distance was gone over before up he jumped, pranced around, blew his horn to tell all the deer in the country-side to look out for themselves, and then away he went, waving his white handkerchief in a most comical fashion. The pine trees were only pine bushes, four feet apart. There are constant instances of this exaggeration of things at a distance. Your session—if the church be rich—will climb the top of the spire and scan the horizon of the seashore, or look clear across the sea, for a man to fill your pulpit, when there is a better man than you will call ten miles away. As you see them far off they are mighty big men, tremendous fellows, four feet taller than Goliath, and broad in proportion. The fact is you cannot find a better man in the world—better friend, neighbor, and citizen—than you can find within three miles of your farm, two blocks of your office; and if you cannot get a preacher to suit you inside of your presbytery, you will never find him, though you roam the wide world all over.—*The Interior*.

There is an anti-high-building agitation in Chicago.

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FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I learn that a Baptist church in Toronto, Canada, has had grit and grace enough to take what I believe to be the right stand on the question of taxation of church property. A vote was passed by the church in question, requesting the municipal authorities to tax its property the same as any other property. The amount of the taxation will be \$1,100 a year. This is the logical outcome of the separation of church and State about which we boast so much. Any other attitude is indefensible, and every church is to a large extent shorn of its strength which fails to stand squarely up to its duty in this respect. This is not the popular view, the writer is well aware, but it is growing, and the time is certain to come when all churches will be taxed as they ought to be. In the words of another, "The key to the situation is found in the fact that exemption from taxation, up to any certain amount, is exactly the same in practice and in principle as a grant of money to the same amount. If it is right for the State to make a grant of money to a denominational or religious body, then it is right for the State to exempt such a body from taxation; if not, then not. If my taxes amount to \$100, he who gives me a receipted bill or a certificate of exemption, gives me the equivalent of \$100 in cash." And while the exemption of churches from taxation is erroneous in theory, it is no less harmful in practice. It has all the evils that would attend a grant of money, and it is less honest and above board. And it all inures to the advantage of the church which is always asking favors of the State, and never asking in vain. Where Protestant churches gain one dollar by exemption, the Roman Catholics gain at least ten; the amount of their church property is out of all proportion to the taxable property of the individual members. A congregation, scarce any of whose members are taxed, will have a lordly church or cathedral, which receives the care of the State, the benefit of roads, protection from fire, etc., without paying a cent of equivalent. It may be said that a church is not a money-making institution, and on that account ought not to be taxed; the same reasoning would exclude from taxation art galleries, club houses, and residences that do not directly produce an income. The church has been a beggar long enough. Its influence, and that of many ministers, has been greatly curtailed by posing before the public as objects of charity.

For thirty years or more the question of free passage over the Willamette river has been agitated in all its various phases. There has been but little difference of opinion as to the necessity of this movement, but how to bring it about has been a vexed question. Scarcely has the biennial State legislature convened in the last third of a century but that this important matter has come up for consideration in some form or other. At no time, however, has any practical measure been adopted which would afford any relief.

Meantime three ferries have been operated, making fortunes for their owners, and three bridges have been constructed by private enterprises, costing all the way from \$150,000 to \$450,000, each deemed to be wise investments by those furnishing the means, and the subsequent traffic in each case has shown the wisdom of the projectors. Not till the legislature of 1890, was there anything done to break down the barriers to the union and consequent future growth of the cities on the east and west sides of the Willamette river at this point. These cities were consolidated last June, and on Wednesday night, November 11th, at twelve o'clock, was the Madison-street bridge declared free, the city council having just closed a contract buying that structure. Other free bridges will soon follow, and the consolidation of the cities of Albina, East Portland, and Portland is settled in fact as well as in name. All hail the happy event! A rousing ratification meeting was held last evening on the east side in honor of the event.

Last Tuesday evening the Young People's Social Circle of the First church gave their first literary entertainment in the church parlors. There was a good attendance, and the occasion was one of much interest. The subject of the evening was "James Russell Lowell," and an excellent address upon his life, character, and influence, was given by Mr. Charles R. Fay. This society will continue these literary entertainments during the winter. They are very helpful and excite much research, which is highly beneficial and instructive. Prof. Rossiter, principal of Failing School, will give the next address tomorrow evening, and the subject will be "Words and Their Uses."

Arrangements have been made whereby Francis Murphy, the renowned temperance worker, will begin a series of meetings in the Tabernacle, to begin next Sunday evening. From all accounts the meetings which he has been holding in Seattle have shaken that city as never before. Over seven thousand have signed the pledge, and in prayer have determined to try to live sober and upright lives. That through Mr. Murphy's agency like success may result in Portland, is the earnest wish of every true lover of his kind. This is a work in which Christians of every name can most heartily unite. The hope is expressed that Portland may be stirred up from center to circumference upon this subject. The need is great. Further, such meetings will be a fitting prelude to the work which it is expected to begin here in the early spring under the leadership of that most wise and eminent revivalist, Rev. B. Fay Mills.

Mrs. W. W. Roper of Pendleton, Or., an esteemed member of the Congregational church of that place from its organization, and one of its most earnest and efficient workers, passed to the higher life on November 12th, leaving a husband and two children, and a father, mother, sister and two brothers. Mrs. Roper was the daughter of Dr. William C. McKay, the grandson of Thomas McKay, who was one of those who lost their lives on the ill-fated *Tamquin*, on the west coast of Vancouver Island in the latter part of June, 1811, being massacred by the Indians.

Rev. Thomas McClelland, D.D., preached this morning for Rev. Henry V. Rominger in East Portland, the latter having gone to Eugene, where he lectured last evening on "Palestine" for Rev. Henry L. Bates. He preaches for Mr. Bates to-day. This evening the Sunday-school will have a home missionary concert and opening of missionary barrels.

Three members by letter were received by the East Portland church at the last communion. The treasurer of this church, Mr. Olsen, met with a very serious accident some weeks ago, which made it necessary to go to the hospital. He has so far recovered now that he is able to be at home.

Pastor Rominger has begun a series of Sunday evening discourses, concluding his trip through Bible lands, under the general head of "Along the Mediterranean in the Track of St. Paul to Rome." These so far have been well attended and the interest deepens with each succeeding sermon, making strikingly real much of the history of the time of our Saviour.

Rev. Charles H. Curtis returned last evening from a trip to Jacksonville, Southern Oregon, where he attended a Sunday-school Convention.

Rev. C. T. Whittlesey returned from Eastern Oregon during the week. He preached twice at Pendleton while absent, and is very much pleased with that flourishing town, which is the county seat of Umatilla county, and contains a population of about three thousand.

Rev. J. L. Hershner of Albina exchanged pulpits to-day with Rev. B. F. Moody of Hillsboro.

Superintendent C. F. Clapp came back from Huntington last week. He held a number of successful meetings there, and a church was organized, which gives excellent promise of filling a long-felt want in that place. Huntington is four hundred and eight miles from Portland. He visited Condon while absent. The work there is encouraging.

A sermon of absorbing interest on the theme, "A Great Act of Gratitude," was given by our pastor this morning. This act was no less than giving oneself to God.

Three of our best workers, Mr. A. S. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Warren, who have been absent in the East for several weeks, just returned and gladdened their friends by joining in worship to-day.

While we have an abundance of rain of late, the weather is delightfully warm and in striking contrast to much of our country to the eastward.

Nov. 22, 1891. GEO. H. HIMES.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washingtonians have become so accustomed to the presence of distinguished bodies of churchmen, owing to the unusually large number of them which held meetings here this year, that it will seem odd when a week goes by without such a meeting in our midst. Yesterday the fourteenth annual session of the Episcopal Church Congress was opened here with an impressive sermon by Bishop Phillips Brooks, a divine who has recently occupied a very conspicuous position in the newspapers, both secular and religious, owing to the unfortunate controversy over his being elected Bishop. Ex-Senator Edmunds is the presiding officer of this Congress, which in some respects is a very unique body, particularly as to its aims and objects. It will listen to able papers on some of the most vital questions of the day, and will discuss the same with a great deal

more freedom than would be permissible in a legislative body of this or any other single denomination. The mere fact that it can take no action upon any subject that will be binding upon anybody opens wide the doors to a general theoretical discussion, which is always enjoyed by men of much learning, and this Congress is made up entirely of that class of men. Considerable discussion was caused by the refusal of Bishop Paret of this diocese to preside over the discussion, as the custom has been for the Bishop of the diocese in which the Congress is held to preside. Bishop Paret says that as the Congress is not under the authority of the church, and is neither an administrative or legislative body, it is no part of his ecclesiastical duties to preside over its arguments, which he regards as those of any other body upon which the attendance is entirely voluntary. Senator Edmunds in his opening address referred respectfully to the absence of Bishop Paret.

It is stated as one of the effects of the example and influence of the Christian men and women who have been met here during the last two weeks that never before has there been so much activity in Christian work in Washington, both inside and outside of the churches. The women and children, ever mighty factors in the cause of moral reform, are enthusiastically at work in the Master's cause.

The Princeton College students, Pierson and Goldsby, who although young have already made enviable reputations as working evangelists, are conducting a week's service in the interest of the young men at the V. M. C. A. building in this city. These young men have the happy faculty of being able to reach the consciences of other young men in ways that appear to be almost irresistible, and their meetings are proving very successful, the conversions already reaching nearly one hundred. An old clergyman was asked to what they attributed their success. "To the manner in which they impress their deep earnestness upon those they talk to," was the reply, without a moment's hesitation.

That the licensing of the liquor traffic is an evil must be acknowledged by any one who will take the trouble to look into the matter. Yesterday an attorney, in arguing in favor of the granting of licenses to bar-rooms in a disreputable locality, which had been refused by the District Commissioners, made that point unusually clear. He took the ground that so long as his clients outwardly complied with the letter of the law, the Commissioners had no right to refuse them licenses, and to clinch his argument he said to the Commissioners: "Why, every month in the year you draw your salaries from the proceeds of the liquor dealers, which is, in short: The license tax makes the selling of liquor legal."

The thirty-second annual meeting of the American Church Missionary Society was held here Monday. The secretary's report showed that the offerings for foreign work had nearly doubled during the past year, while those for domestic work had not decreased. In the evening anniversary services were held, and Rev. L. L. Kinsolving, missionary to Brazil, gave a most interesting account of the spread of the gospel in that country.

One of the several cases involving the validity of the anti-lottery law—that section closing the mails to newspapers which contain advertisements of lotteries—was argued before the Supreme Court this week. It is impossible to say how soon the decision will be handed down. WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 18, 1891.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

President Harrison sends out the following

PROCLAMATION.

It is a very glad incident of the marvelous prosperity which has crowned the year now drawing to a close, that its helpful and reassuring touch has been felt by all our people. It has been as wide as country, so special that every home has felt its comforting influence. It is too great to be the work of man's power, and too particular to be the device of his mind. To God, the beneficent and all-wise, who makes the labors of man fruitful, redeems their losses by his grace, and the measure of whose giving is as much beyond the thoughts of man as it is beyond his deserts, the praise and gratitude of the people of this favored nation are justly due.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 26th of November, to be a day of joyful thanksgiving to God for the bounties of his providence; for the peace in which we are permitted to enjoy them, and for the preservation of those institutions of civil and religious liberty which he gave our fathers wisdom to devise and establish, and us the courage to preserve. Among appropriate observances of the day are rest from toil, worship in public congregations, the renewal of family ties about our American firesides, and thoughtful helpfulness toward those who suffer lack of body or of spirit. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 13th day of November, A. D. 1891, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and sixteenth. [Signed by the President:]

BENJAMIN HARRISON.
JAMES G. BLAINE, Sec'y of State.

Publishers' Department

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For further information, apply at the office of the Los Guilicos Olive Company, rooms 69, 70 and 71, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF NORA CONNELLY, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Sicker, administratrix of the estate of Nora Connelly, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix, at her residence, 1224 Mission street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate.

MARY SICKER, Administratrix of the Estate of Nora Connelly, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, November 25th, 1891.

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